

HISTORY OF THE SERVICES OF THE 3D BATTERY WISC. LIGHT
ARTILLERY IN THE CIVIL WAR OF THE U. S. 1861-65

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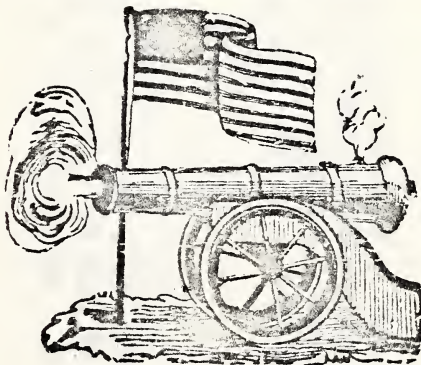


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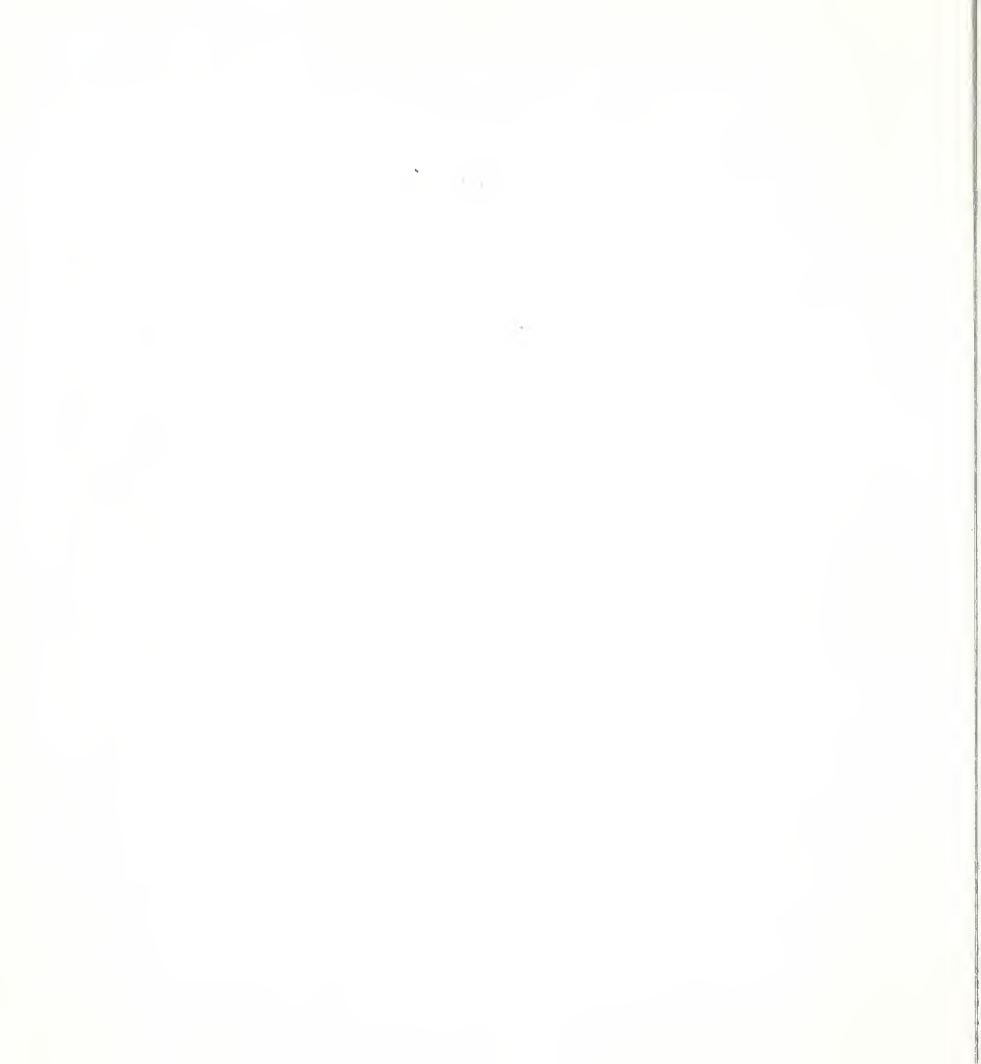
3d
Third Battery
Wisconsin Light Artillery



In the Civil War of the
United States, 1861-65

U.S.

Compiled from all sources
possible, but principally
from members themselves



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DEDICATORY

This book is reverently and affectionately dedicated to the Memory of our dead and living Comrades, and to all patriotic relatives of the 3d Battery Wisconsin Light Artillery. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

PREFACE

This book is not expected to cover all the service of the Battery, many facts at this date are lost which will detract from its comprehensiveness.

We still have a mass of information in connection with the Battery which for sufficient reasons we cannot at present use.

It is of a reminiscent character and very interesting and should be preserved in book form; likewise there should be added several other illustrations, notably one of the Tablet placed upon the ground of our last battle and destruction.

I will most gratefully thank in the name of the Association, those who have responded so freely and generously to the request for information.

Among the contributors of incidents and essential memoranda I will mention the names of Esau Beaumont, E. D. Case, Wm. Plackett, Harlan S. Howard, E. M. Kanouse, Alf. Lounsbury, Ed. Harroune, Lew D. Williams, E. G. Jackson, Ansel Hayes, Maj. W. J. Colburn, Ira E. Smith and others.

H. H. G. BRADT,
Secretary.

HISTORY OF THE BATTERY

On the morning after the bombardment of Ft. Sumpter, Lieut. H. Drury, an attaché of the Madison, Wis., Argus, appeared upon the streets accompanied by a fife and drummer, who made the air resound to patriotic music. A large crowd assembled, which was addressed by Drury and others so effectively that scores of citizens signified their desire to enroll themselves in the defense of the integrity of our Union.

Drury immediately offered his services to the governor and steps were taken to give him a command. He desired artillery service, but the U. S. government was very loth through Gen. W. S. Scott's advice to employ artillery. Repeated offers were made by the governor of artillery, but were uniformly declined, apparently thinking the rebels were bluffing and could be suppressed by infantry.

Matters soon assumed a more serious phase and instructions were sent to Gov. A. Randall to recruit for five light batteries. This dispatch was received

the 19th of August, '61. Capt. Drury on the 26th commenced recruiting under government orders on the date of his enlistment. The orders from Washington were to send all recruits for the 3d, 4th and 5th batteries to Washington to be organized there, but later a change was made and the 3d was organized at Berlin and mustered into the U. S. service October 10th, 1861, with the following officers:

Captain—Lu. H. Drury.

First Lieutenant—Cortland Livingston.

Jun. First Lieutenant—James T. Purdy.

Second Lieutenant—Albert LeBrun.

Jun. Second Lieutenant—Hiram F. Hubbard.

Surgeon—Henry W. Cansdell.

During the month of November the cannon, equipments and the men's uniforms came; then followed standing gun drill and field evolutions on the prairie west, with target practice there and on the ice of Lake Michigan. This business continued during the last three months of 1861, the men becoming very proficient in their duties and made a fine appearance in uniform. The cold was intense at times outside of the Sibley tents and the boys would say that the winter was a counterpart of what their forefathers endured at Valley Forge.

An experienced German artillerist, Fritz Anneke, was appointed colonel of the 1st Regt. Wis. Light Artillery. John Halborn instructed the members of the battery in sword exercise in which they were soon adepts. The alacrity of the men in handling the guns is evinced when we state that they would dismount and mount their pieces in 1 minute and 30 seconds.

On the 5th of November many of the men received furloughs. At this time the ladies of Waukesha presented the battery with sixty blankets, which with stoves used at the men's expense rendered their quarters quite comfortable. On the 29th of November the ladies of Racine furnished the boys a fine Thanksgiving dinner of roast turkey, etc.

The entire artillery force at this time had the misfortune to lose Col. Anneke, he having been given command of the artillery of the state of Indiana. At this time the boys were restricted to five passes a day to the battery, which was located near Racine at Camp Utley. On Nov. 23d, '61, there was received at this camp what was called two complete batteries consisting of two six-pounder smooth bore guns, two rifled six-pounders and two twelve-pound howitzers, all bronze, with extra caissons, forges, battery wagons, wheels and harness, for each battery and about two and a half thousand rounds of solid shot, spherical case cannister, and six and twelve-pounder shells for target practice. This could not be done every day as the winter had come on in earnest, the mercury fell to 22° below and the winds were so terrible from the lake on one side and prairie on the other that the cold pierced to the marrow, but still the drilling progressed until the boys were assured they were competent to meet the enemy. Rumors would frequently reach the camp that the boys would soon leave for every city almost on the line of the existing conflict, and to the credit of the members of the battery everyone was eager for departure, and in January, '62, the order to move was received. The battery was full, all duly

organized into sections and platoons, and on Thursday, January 23, 1862, with high hopes the Badger Battery left the state for Louisville, Ky., where they arrived the following Saturday evening and were quartered in a tobacco warehouse for the night. The journey was made without mishaps of any kind, and but one noteworthy incident occurred, which happened at Bloomington, Indiana, where the patriotic, whole-souled people of that place fairly took the train upon which the boys were riding, by storm, overwhelming them with kind and cheering words, pies, cakes, coffee, etc. It was a bright spot which still lingers in the memories of the boys of '61.

The next day (Sunday) the battery went into camp on the "Fair Grounds" about three miles out of the city, and on the line of the Lexington & Frankfort railroad. This was named "Camp Irvine." There the battery remained for a considerable length of time, having to be furnished with horses, mules, wagons and other necessary equipments for service, and also to take lessons in mounted field drill and maneuvers, not having had the opportunity to do this before, for the reason that they were not furnished horses, etc., until their arrival at Louisville, and having only the guns (six of them) had up to this time been drilled in standing gun drill only.

During encampment here the battery had the pleasure of firing salutes in honor of victories of the boys in blue at Mill Spring, Kentucky, and Forts Henry and Donaldson, Tennessee, and also the privilege and pleasure of going by invitation to the "Dorsey plantation," about six miles from camp, to

spend the day in artillery drill and field maneuvers and target practice, and partake of a bountiful dinner provided by the liberal hosts, Messrs. Dorsey and sons, winding up with a rattling salute to their hosts. Soon after the incident above alluded to, quite a sensation, which at one time threatened serious results, was made in the battery by receipt of an order from artillery headquarters ordering the turning over of the light artillery equipment, the battery brought with them from Wisconsin, and to draw a battery of four thirty-two-pounder "Dahlgreen" guns. The feeling ran so high among the men that it proved to be almost a critical point in the history of the battery; but good feeling was eventually restored and serious results happily averted by the promise of having any wrong or injustice done the company righted as speedily as possible, which promise was kept, for some time later on when the battery arrived at Nashville, Tennessee, the four "Dahlgreen" guns were by order of General D. C. Buel (at that time commander of the department of the Ohio) turned over to the ordnance department and two bronze or large twelve-pounder howitzers and four ten-pounder rifled "Parrot" guns, supplied in their place and the battery once more took its rightful place in the service, and its own name of the "Third Wisconsin Light Artillery."

Shortly after the battle and capture of Fort Donaldson the battery was ordered to Nashville, Tennessee. The trip was made by water down the Ohio and up the Cumberland rivers on the steamboat J. W. Hindman, and was uneventful to any but the relic hunters who loaded up with fragments of shells,

stands of grape shot, etc., they picked up on the battlefield of Fort Donaldson when the boat stopped there a few hours; these relics were most of them soon thrown away.

The stay at Nashville was of short duration, when the march towards Savannah, Tennessee, was commenced. On reaching Columbia, situated on Duck river, a halt of three days was made, ostensibly to repair bridges, etc., which in the immediate vicinity of the battery were not repaired, and after waiting on the bank of the river near by a partially burned bridge the length of time alluded to, the crossing was made by taking off the horses and running the guns carefully over the bridge by hand, the horses being taken across the river at a fording place at another point on river. Nothing occurred to make this march eventful until Sunday morning, the 6th of April, on nearing Savannah it became evident that a battle was in progress somewhere ahead, and the battery being at that time in what was called a brigade of reserve artillery under command of Gen. Barnett, had to take the side of the road to allow the infantry to go forward as fast as possible.

Such was the state of the roads by reason of the heavy rain following the battle of Pittsburg Landing and the passage of heavily laden wagons, etc., that before the battery arrived at Savannah (which was not for several days after the battle) they had to build many miles of corduroy road in order to make any advance at all. After a short tarry at Savannah the battery went up the river to Pittsburg Landing, camping on the battlefield for some time, then ad-

vancing with the army and taking part in the siege and capture of Corinth, Miss.—and here the battery met with great loss of men by reason of the swampy nature of the country breeding fevers and other fatal diseases.

After the evacuation of Corinth by the rebels, the immense army congregated for the subjection of the place, was scattered in various directions, the part of the army the battery was attached to going by way of Iuka, Tusculumbia, Florence, Athens and Huntsville, where a short tarry was made, to Battle Creek, Tenn., which is about twenty-five miles below Chattanooga, on the Tennessee river.

Nothing of a very warlike nature occurred during this march, which was for reasons best known to the commanding general, D. C. Buel, conducted in a very strange if not novel manner, viz: by having the troops all routed out at one o'clock in the morning and being prepared to begin their march for the day at three o'clock and ending the same at any time ranging from eight to ten o'clock in the forenoon. This manner of conducting the march really proved disastrous to the health of the men, as records fully show, and in the light of the experience of the writer of this sketch during the Atlanta campaign, which was conducted mostly on the day marching, it was an experiment on the part of the general commanding.

It was just before reaching Battle Creek that Gen. McCook was assassinated by bushwhackers, and the members of the battery will remember seeing seven of the bushwhacking fraternity hanging by the necks to some trees near where the battery camped for the

night. It seemed to be necessary to use very harsh methods towards this class of men.

Arrived at Battle Creek camping ground on or about the 15th of July, 1862; remained there doing camp duty, drilling, etc., and subject to occasional alarms of an expected advance of the rebels, until about the 30th of August, when they were ordered to evacuate the place—and did so by moving out very quietly in the early hours of the evening, going the first night up river in the direction of Chattanooga, to and beyond the village of Jasper, forming a battle line when reaching the place selected, and remaining there until nearly evening of the following day, when the march was resumed back in the direction whence they had come the night before; but soon after passing Jasper a turn was made up the Sequatchie valley and over the Cumberland mountains towards Winchester, where a junction was formed with the main army.

The march continued right along in a rather irregular fashion, partly by day and partly by night, and some of the time a good deal of both, through Winchester, Tullahoma, Murfreesboro and Nashville, where a brief halt was made, and on towards Louisville, Ky. As by this time nearly all in General Buel's army knew it was a race between the rebel army under Gen. Bragg and the union army under Gen. Buel, which should reach Louisville first, the men accepted the situation (with its privations and discomforts, not the least of which was a great scarcity of provisions) with the proper spirit and were eager to meet the enemy, and while still more than one hundred miles from Louisville had a severe brush

with a portion of the rebel army. The march was a very wearisome and trying one, as part of the way the enemy had gone over the road a short time before and destroyed very much stuff, and such was the uncertainty of time of rest that frequently the horses were not unharnessed for many days at a time, and the men took cat-naps as occasion offered. It being fruit season helped the men out in the matter of short rations and with an occasional shoat, steer or sheep, or mayhap a fat goose, they did not fare as bad as they did later on at Chattanooga.

Although some sharp skirmishing was had with the enemy, no general engagement took place, and Louisville was finally reached about the 25th of September, the battery getting to the city in the night and camping until morning in the street. Here while the battery was encamped in the street the first recruits, who had been waiting several days in the city, joined it, some 24 in number. Later on in the day the battery went on through the city and camped just outside on the Bardstown pike.

At the reorganization of the army at Louisville the 3d Battery was attached to Gen. H. P. VanCleve's division of Crittenden's corps. Only a few days' tarry was made here to give the boys an opportunity to draw very much needed supplies of clothing and other necessities, when the march was commenced in the direction of Bragg's army, and the enemy were soon encountered, when the battery had an opportunity of exchanging shots with a rebel battery, when they (the rebels) drew back towards the main army. When near the village of Perryville it seemed that a

general engagement would certainly occur; but for some unexplained reason that portion of the army (Crittenden's corps) the battery was attached to, although in plain sight and hearing of the battle going on, and drawn up in line in readiness to move at a moment's notice, was compelled to remain idle and see and hear without taking any active part in the struggle, which was very much against the grain of the boys. Night put an end to the fight and the next day was spent in searching for the enemy and skirmishing with some of the remnants of Bragg's army.

A few days subsequent to the battle of Perryville, the battery being in the advance that day, struck the rear guard of Gen. Bragg's army at Crab Orchard, Ky., just after sunrise and put in some good time, engaging the rebel battery every time they made a stand and successfully driving him from eleven of his own well-chosen positions and a distance of over twenty miles to and beyond Mt. Vernon. Night and darkness put an end to this most appropriately named running artillery duel. In a short time the battery resumed its march, going by way of Glasgow—where a short tarry was made—to Nashville, Tenn., where it remained in camp near the insane asylum until the 26th of December, '62. Some days previous to leaving this camp the center section of two gun platoons received orders to accompany our infantry brigade toward Laurel Hill, where all went into camp to be suddenly aroused the next morning by the sharp blast of a horn and the advance of a troop of rebel cavalry under a Captain White. Fortunately the 8th

Kentucky infantry had joined us in the night unknown to the rebels who charging upon their front received an unexpected volley. One lad of 14 years named Johnny Clem, placed a rifle upon a rail fence and pierced the captain in a vital part, causing much confusion to the advancing foes. Our guns were put into action immediately, succeeding in completely demoralizing the force with a few shots.

On the 25th of December they received orders to be ready to move next morning. On the 26th we advanced slowly on the main pike towards Murfreesboro. The enemy was immediately encountered under Gen. Bragg, who made a stubborn resistance and the fighting continued over a front of several miles, our forces constantly pressing the rebels south. Very soon after our advance the rain began to fall. The outpour of shot and shell and the downpour of rain were incessant. Reaching a point two miles north of Murfreesboro we found the rebels in force. We being of the left of Crittenden's corps were ordered to guard a ford of Stone River on the extreme left; while here we could observe the fighting on several occasions on or near the army's center. On the 31st at daylight we took our positions at the ford and repelled with a few shots an advance of rebel cavalry upon a hospital and some baggage wagons around it. Here was a graveyard containing Revolutionary soldiers' graves. Henry S. Utley was wounded here, shot in the thigh by a rebel sharpshooter—the first man of the battery wounded in action.

On New Year's day, 1863, we were ordered over the river and exchanged a few shots with rebel skirmishers

only answered by musketry, we with the brigade recrossing the ford at night. The river here was in the form of a letter "S" in our rear and right. Next day on the 2d of January, we crossed the river early, our battery with seven regiments under Col. Beatty of the 19th Ohio. The line of battle which soon developed, was in the form of a crescent for a time, wings on the river; our forces hugged the ground for a time to escape the shot and shell that all the morning was poured into us from three sides. L. J. Uline was here wounded in our front position and several horses were hit. At two o'clock Gen. Rosencrans and Father Coney rode in front of the line and discovered the rebels crawling up and forming in the woods near our front. He ordered our battery to move forward. We had just got into position when a roll of musketry told us our time had come. The general informed us they would be on us in fifteen minutes; in less time they came down in three lines charging and firing, 30,000 strong, under Breckenridge and Cheatam. They emerged from the timber on a run, followed by their artillery, who, getting into position, soon were making things lively for us, and to stop them with our small command was like stopping the flow of the Mississippi river with bull rushes. As an indication of the desperate charge on us we will state that one of our infantry supports (the 35th Indiana, a gallant Irish regiment) stood at our right until we, under orders from Gen. Rosencrans fell back, but they did not and out of the 300 men they took into the fight they returned with only 125. We crossed the river, which now was much swollen, with difficulty, with

loss of several horses and two men wounded, viz.: Sergt. Hollenbeck and Daniel Robin. We met on the river bank Gen. Negley's troops coming gallantly to our rescue. Gen. Rosencrans massed 64 cannon on the bank to meet the oncoming flood and there occurred the total defeat of the enemy. Men never could have done more than was done there, every man seemed to put forth almost superhuman efforts to check the rebel host, which they did and most disastrously it proved to the rebels, as Gen. Breckenridge in his report to Gen. Bragg stated he lost in 40 minutes 1600 men. The courage of the rebels may be imagined when we state that the shell and cannister from our battery were seen to pierce the advancing columns through and through as our gunners would take sight for the colors in the center of each command. When they broke and fled the infantry commands crossed the river, viz.: Negley's and Davis' divisions, who drove them into their trenches towards Murfreesboro. The artillery kept up a desultory fire until after dark, then our battery crossed the river for the last time and took up a position in the darkness near where we were at first. We were advanced over dead and wounded to this position. The night was a hard one as it rained incessantly, and the piteous cries of the wounded was heartrending. Those who could speak would say that it really rained cannon-balls, and from the pile of dead no one could doubt it. All that night it rained and the mud was deep. We had nothing to eat. On the 1st we had half a cracker, on the 2d a little more and our commissariat failed. However, Gen. Davis gave us each

one and a half crackers from his short supply to help us out. During the night we were reinforced by the 7th Pennsylvania battery and we fell back to the rear to feed our famished men and horses. From the time the rebels were repulsed our pioneers began throwing up intrenchments. No further engagement occurred until after dark Sunday night, when a furious onslaught was made upon the center lasting two hours and a half, resulting in driving the enemy from rifle pits. Sunday morning Murfreesboro was evacuated and we took possession. Our loss is mentioned above. We fired 358 rounds of ammunition during the battle, and to the great credit of our command, who for the first time engaged in a pitched battle, they acquitted themselves most commendably, performing the many arduous duties assigned them and never flinching.

After we were settled in camp on the Lebanon pike in the suburbs of Murfreesboro, we received an order from headquarters that each platoon should elect one man to be of the "Roll of Honor," an organization to be formed of those that had particularly signalized themselves in the late battle. It was a very difficult choice, for all had done their best, but we complied and elected the six men; but it went no further, the secretary of war refused to take cognizance of the proposition and likewise refused to grant the medals asked for. We have the list of names and as many of our Association think it might give distinction of an invidious character we omit them. (Regarding this campaign, and the previous march to Louisville, many interesting matters occurred, such as the publication of the Badger Bulletin at Inka, by

printers of the battery, of which there were 24; in fact we have much other matter which will be found further on.)

Early in January, '63, Capt. Drury was appointed chief of artillery on Gen. VanCleve's staff.

While we remained in camp at Murfreesboro we had plenty of standing gun drills, and field drills and squadron evolutions, along with the numerous batteries of the army.

Occasionally a section was sent to guard some fords or other needed points, sometimes accompanying a foraging party, which we all delighted in. Many details were made here to aid in erecting the formidable fortifications, termed Fortress Rosencrans. Thus we passed our days until the 5th of July, '63, when we took up our line of march for McMinnville, a weak point on our extreme left. We remember very distinctly what an extremely hot day it was; many an infantryman was sunstruck, and regardless of future needs overcoats, blankets and knapsacks even were dropped on the road as too much of a burden to carry. We camped at Woodbury at night; at four o'clock on the 6th reveille sounded and we were hustled along so rapidly that we reached McMinnville at 8 a. m. After a short halt here we proceeded to go into camp on a high ridge, a little outside of town on the bank of Barren Fork of Collins river, which almost encircles the village and washes the base of Ben Lomond mountain, named after the famous Loch Lomond of Scotland. Ben Lomond is a grand and impressive figure, and towers 1,500 feet above the level of Barron Fork. We had a fine, healthy camp.

but our supply of army rations were scant, and peaches were used in abundance with purslane to eke out our diet. While here we aided in picketing the roads, keeping open communications with the main body of the army, and assisted the infantry in strategic points by sections. Guerrillas were many and troublesome in the adjacent ranges of mountains and scouts were detailed to pursue and destroy them. Capt. Drury was appointed chief of scouts, and from time to time many of our boys would join the infantry, men in scouring the valleys and mountains infested by them. It was a sanguinary warfare and both sides would kill at sight on what was equivalent report on their return from their forays that their prisoners had escaped. In one expedition by mistake they shot one of the bravest and most loyal citizens in that region. He supposed they were Morgan's guerillas in federal uniform and our boys were sure he was a rebel. The poor fellow was killed by the first union soldier he ever saw. In this camp we occasionally saw Gen. Rosencrans on inspection business, always pleasant in his bearing he was ever welcome.

After many early morning calls into line, we on the 2d of September, 1863, left our pleasant McMinnville camp, on our onward march over the historic Cumberland mountains, little thinking that it would terminate so disastrously to us and to our entire command. We marched up the valley eleven miles and back under a blazing hot sun, camping at the foot of the mountain at Collins river. The 4th we commenced the ascent of Ben Lomond at 6 a. m.; at 12 we arrived at its summit by great zigzagging, a

distance of only two and a half miles through alternately deep sand and great boulders, on a new track recently opened by our pioneer corps. Ahead of us was the 35th Indiana, the boys that stood so steadfast in our support at Stone River. They cheer us on sight. We return the compliment, and they yell, "we are Rosencrans' scalawags"—a name given them by the editor of The Murfreesboro Rebel. This mountain was so difficult to surmount that an entire platoon of men and six horses were required to bring up a piece, and to enliven the effort a band would play "Bony Crossing the Alps." We found red cedar in abundance, likewise gooseberries; saw no blackberries as in the valley, found peaches in a wild state, even growing on the overhanging crags. The vegetation and foliage generally was much different and more attractive, and the atmosphere was fine. Occasionally we would pass on all the eminences of these chains of mountains a cabin built of logs, containing to us a simple, honest, but outlandish looking people, who greeted us in a friendly way. At more accessible points we found deserted homes which had been raided by rebel guerillas, the loyal inhabitants having become "refugees." Of this class some 1100 came into our camp at McMinnville for protection, very poor and destitute they were; many of the males joined our forces, the unfortunate women and children we left to the tender mercies of the none too loyal populace of mixed hues. As far as possible the motley mass was kept in existence by the bounty of our government. The illiteracy of the 1100 refugees was startling, as in their declaration of allegiance, 860 made a cross to

their name. Our rations were eked out by some foraging for vegetables and animal food. To add sweetness and spirit to this march, occasionally some honey flavored by tobacco flowers would be passed around, and from the secret fastnesses would be drawn forth through the irrepressible researches of well known doughty souls, a supply of the unrectified apple-jack, one of the most villianous concoctions of man. During our progress, we of the 21st corps under Crittenden, occupied the mountain ranges of the left of the advance upon Gen. Bragg, who was holding Chattanooga; the 20th corps under McCook and the 14th corps under Thomas were occupying the ranges and valleys to our right, and as will be observed the corps of the union army were widely diverged, the two wings being forty miles apart, yet in three weeks' time, regardless of the many seemingly unsurmountable barriers, without a serious disturbance of Gen. Rosencrans' plans, we became masters of the situation. Our part took us through many little hamlets like Dunlap. Here we learned that a part of the advance of our Corps had struck the camp of Bragg, in the stronghold of Chattanooga, which relinquishing, he moved south. During these movements our battery enjoyed a little rest in one of their old camping grounds of the year before, viz.: Battle Creek, on the beautiful Tennessee, which we immediately crossed at Bridgeport on pontoons. As soon as it was known to a certainty of the evacuation, all of the infantry were put in motion to cross the Lookout range at three points, but not to debouch until known that Bragg was making a bonifide retreat. Before day-

break on the 9th, finding all things clear, we descended into Chattanooga valley, over the the nose of the mighty Lookout, to which all ascended from Sequatchie valley. From our point of observation innumerable mountains of the most massive proportions, with many windings of the charming Tennessee were from time to time brought to our vision. Still higher up were grander and more comprehensive views, namely: From the head of Lookout mountain itself, as it towers in its magnificence 2600 feet above the sea, where from its summit can be discerned an outline of seven states; the range of this mountain reaches ninety miles. Many things of historic interest is attached to this great upheaval of nature. De Soto and a band of Spaniards wintered in the range, now thought without a doubt to be Selma, Ala.; they making much trouble for the aborigines were severely punished for their atrocities. We will here say that the Indian was still there, and when we were in the Sequatchie valley, a bright Cherokee boy visited our camp one evening, who seemed intelligent and was certainly the most prepossessing Indian we had ever seen of his age.

Gen. Rosencrans established his headquarters in Chattanooga the 11th; after descending Lookout we passed to the right but did not enter the city. We camped in a field toward Rossville, the forces on center and right having crossed through tower gaps, were in our advance. We soon followed, passing through the Mission Ridge range, where in a few weeks was to occur (and on the mountains in the rear) the famous battles, wherein the old army of the

Cumberland fought side by side with the army of the Tennessee and the corps from the Potomac. Well on we pushed through the sweltering sun and clouds of dust on the road to Lafayette and Ringold, the latter being the only place in our seventy miles march that our battery guns were used. Our position here was on a hill overlooking the place. We threw a few shells which caused a sudden scampering of the force there. We passed through after a brief tarry, during which time the poor frightened creatures crawled out of their cellars, whither they had gone for safety. A little below this place we saw two men under a bridge, who proved to be deserters from Gen. Longstreet's command from the Potomac, who were enroute to reinforce Bragg; from more deserters it was ascertained that Gen. Buckner's army, that was confronting Burnside at Knoxville and the men of Gen. Johnson that Gen. Grant had paroled at Vicksburg, were joining Bragg, which seemed indicative of deep laid plans to destroy us.

We passed on to Lee and Gordon's Mills, and returned. We camped at the celebrated Crawfish Springs, where ice cold water—as clear as crystal—boils forth in a never-ending gush, forty-three feet in breadth by the writer's measurement. We camped in this pleasant place but a short time. Near by was a vineyard of eighty acres which was devastated by the contending forces, and the contents of a commodore's wine cellar on said plantation, soon went gurgling down the throats of friend and foe, seemingly demonstrating that in one respect a congenial and sympathetic chord is ever on the quiver between

the puritan and cavalier.

On the 13th of September, we had our usual reveille at 2 a. m. With a brigade of our division, we at daylight, attempted to reconnoitre the rebel's forces. We quickly found them on the Lafayette road three miles south of Lee and Gordon's Mills; Gen Polk had been concentrating a heavy force here, but our division commander anticipated his attack by the most vigorous blows. Our battery here was led by Capt. Drury, and as he had done at Crab Orchard, Ky., charged ahead of our skirmish line and getting in a very advanced position, poured out our shells as rapidly as possible into the rebel ranks. The effect of this unexpected activity on the part of the brigade, disconcerted Gen. Polk, and he withdrew three miles, under the impression of a large union advance. At this point Capt. Drury was picked off by a sharp-shooter, rendering him unfit for service for several months; we had one other casualty, Hassel D. Stevens had a leg broken by being run over by a gun, from which death ensued.

On the 16th and 17th, McCook had connected his corps with the army; after great errors regarding roads, crossed Lookout twice. The days of concentration had been a period of intense anxiety, unceasing vigilance, constant watchfulness, courage constant, and calculation of the finest order. Many untold brilliant and courageous acts were performed. The heads of the union army were now joined and we were once more ready for battle.

Bragg's order to attack on the 18th failed on account of narrow roads, small bridges, difficult fords

and dense forests, so that at nightfall the rebels were not in position to attack, many of his troops being below Lee and Gordon's Mills. His advance was of five infantry and two cavalry corps, and he really was not ready to deliver battle, under his plan, on the morning of the 19th.

On Friday morning (Sept. 18th) occasional shots of musketry, with now and then a little boom from a small howitzer, on our left and front, in the direction of "Reed's" bridge, intimated to us that Gen. Wilder, who had command of the mounted troops in that direction, was being attacked by the enemy, and as the sounds grew plainer, we knew he (Wilder) was being pressed back slowly, indicating that Bragg had changed his tactics and instead of retreating, as he had been doing, was now advancing to give us battle or compel us to give up possession of Chattanooga. About the middle of the afternoon of the same day we were ordered to move to a position on the bank of the Chickamauga Creek, where we could, if necessary, support Gen. Wilder in his efforts to retard the advance of the enemy. We were really fighting for time and it was a serious question in the minds of those thinking of the really critical situation of the army of the Cumberland, not knowing that the scattered corps were concentrated, thinking Bragg could get his forces in such a position that he might attack each corps separately and thus defeat the whole army in detail. However, subsequent events show that he did not do this. Gen. Wilder stubbornly contested the advance of the enemy until darkness put an end to the conflict for that day, and our battery was not

called upon to take active part in the affray for that time. During the night we were moved from our position to another one still farther to the left, and while occupying this position, the troops of Gen. Thomas' corps marched past in the rear of our line and formed a line on our extreme left connecting with us, and in this position we awaited the coming of morning.

Quite early in the morning (Saturday, the 19th) the rattle of musketry and booming of cannons to the left of our position, told us that the enemy were on the move and "feeling," and had found Gen. Thomas, and it was not long until the storm of war rolled down the line and we were all engaged in the work. Some of the time our troops would get a little the advantage and again losing it, and it did seem a part of the time, as if we should compel the enemy to give up the conflict, but several times during the day we were compelled to change our positions, not always on account of the pressure of the enemy, for on account of the dry state of the woods they caught fire from burning cartridges, fuses, and in some parts of the field it was quite a conflagration, and was exceedingly dangerous to limber chests that had to be open during engagement, as a spark might blow up a lot of ammunition if it did no other damage. At one time during the day we were ordered to assist a four-gun Minnesota battery in a peach orchard, which we did by ranging alongside of them, and probably the ten guns rendered the situation of the enemy in our front quite an uncomfortable one, for they made tremendous efforts to dislodge us and

finally, notwithstanding the most heroic efforts of our infantry, we had to give up our little peach orchard to the enemy.

On the whole I feel justified in writing that we had successfully held our own through the day's struggle, and before the day was quite gone it became certain that the next day's fight would be with Bragg's entire army and Gen. Longstreet's corps in addition; during the afternoon said they had just come. Night ended the battle for the day, and during the night we moved a considerable distance farther to the left and were given to understand that Gen. McCook's corps had got near enough to our right flank to make a connection with our line.

Our first position this morning (Sunday Sept. 20) was near what is called the "Widow Glenn" house; we did not remain in this position very long however, before we were ordered to a position, in a sort of opening, near a considerable body of small saplings or underbrush, where we came into line and threw quite a number of shells over into the woods in our front, eliciting some reply from the enemy's batteries, but nothing of a serious character took place. It appeared however to the general commanding our line that our position was too advanced or something else, so we were ordered rather more to the rear of this place and now we took what was our last position on this hotly contested battle field, which was in a large clearing with heavy woods in our rear, our front overlooking the place in the openings where we were stationed before coming to this position.

While we were making this movement and after we had taken our position, the infantry of our division kept steadily moving to the left by an oblique march until there seemed to be no infantry at all in our front, and subsequent events showed that in fact there was none there. Just after the infantry in our front had disappeared from our view, a battery of the enemy came dashing gallantly out into the opening in our front, and endeavored to get into position, but ere they could come into line and unlimber, our battery was trained on them so speedily and severely that part of the battery did not unlimber their guns, but rushed back to cover of the woods, and one gun that was unlimbered was left on the field, the limber going back without it. We continued firing into the woods in the direction the battery had gone, and while we were doing this Gen. Crittenden rode up and ordered us to "cease firing" saying at the same time we might hit some of our own men, as he was of the opinion that he had some infantry men in the woods in our front, but after our officers had related to him the affair we had just gone through with a battery of the enemy, he gave us permission to fire again, at the same time cautioning us to use good judgment, and look out for blue coats. While we were engaged in this work the sputtering of musketry, increasing to crashes and volleys, and the booming of cannons and bursting of shells to the left of us, told that Gen. Thomas was again engaged with the enemy, and it soon rolled down the line in our direction until we were all busy at it. While still engaged in firing in our direct front, we were sudden-

ly assailed by a terrific musketry fire on our right flank from the direction of the "Widow Glenn" house, which was very disastrous to our battery, and killed and crippled so many men and horses, and it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could save the battery, especially as the nature of the ground was such that no part of the battery could change front to meet this new danger, and when the bugle sounded "limber up and retire," I (Wm. Plackett) mounted my horse, and as we whirled the limber to the gun trail for the cannoners to limber up, I gave a rapid glance towards the right of the battery, and then saw how very destructive had been that terrible musketry fire,—horses rearing and plunging seemingly trying to extricate themselves from their fallen mates, and men using herculean efforts to save their guns: 'twas but a glance, as I had no time to linger. I also looked the other way, and saw that No. 6 was also limbering up, and in an incredibly short time came rushing past our horses' heads just as we had started, and with such a rush did they come, that our team was swung sharply to the left with such force that we got a lock on the gun trail that was hard to break, and just at this critical moment my off horse got a couple of musket balls in his head, one high up near his ear, the other lower down, more properly on his nose, the blood streaming from both wounds freely. We tried hard to get the horses to swing off so as to break the lock and get straightened out, but as we had lost our swing driver, and had only the lead driver and myself left, it was too much for us: the wounded horse would do nothing but rear up and

fall down, and despite the efforts of the lieutenant commanding our section who stuck right by us until he was satisfied it was a hopeless case, and the enemy fast coming over the ground intervening between us and them, he then said "boys you cannot get the gun off, you had better try now and save yourselves, I cannot help you any more," saluted us with his saber and said "good bye boys" and galloped rapidly away. My lead driver (Joel Bates) and myself lost no time in trying to follow him, the lieutenant's, advice to save ourselves, and quickly dismounting struck out for the woods in our rear, paying no attention to the enemy's cries of halt you — Yankees, halt! We did not propose to halt unless compelled to by being shot and disabled, so kept on until we reached a slight depression where the musket balls would go over our heads, and here we found part of our officers and quite a number of our men, some of whom were severely wounded. We stopped here a few minutes to get breath, as we had made pretty fast time; were told by our officers we had better find the road and get to Chattanooga if we could, so went on in that direction soon coming to a long line of infantry men drawn up across the road with orders to stop everybody, but after the colonel commanding the line had made inquiries concerning our battery, told us to go on to Chattanooga and report to our officers if we found them, and if not, then to report to Gen. Rosencrans, who he said had just gone in that direction. A few reached Chattanooga about four o'clock in the afternoon tired and hungry, having had nothing to eat since before daybreak in the

morning. This disastrous affair resulted in our losing twenty-six men, about thirty-three horses, and five guns, breaking us up pretty badly, too much so to permit a reorganization of the battery.

Streams of demoralized men separated from their commands by the disastrous break to our battery's right, fled toward the rear. This break, as all students of the battle know, was temporarily caused by the shifting of divisions, and Bushrod Johnson's command poured like a torrent into the gap, overwhelming our right. After that fearful break our lines of battle were not reformed that day; this occurred about noon the 20th; at night our boys that remained had reached Chattanooga. Gen. Thomas, of the center, held his ground and fought his noble fight until after dark. Our individual losses will appear in the Roster and in a communication from Lieutenant Hubbard to the Madison Journal. The official reports of the officers of our part in the battle of Chickamauga is appended with that of Stone River, etc. We will here note that we went into action with 52 men on our six pieces and that we lost 26 men—or fifty per cent. In the immediate vicinity of our misfortune thirteen more pieces of other batteries were lost.

Report of Lieut. Cortland Livingston, Third Wisconsin Battery.

Hdqrs. Third Wisconsin Battery)
Near Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 27, 1863.)

Captain: I have the honor to transmit a report of the operations of the battery under my command during the two day's battle of the 19th and 20th Sep-

tember: I occupied the position taken with the First Brigade on the afternoon of the 19th, until about 12 m., when I was ordered to report to Colonel Barnes, commanding Third Brigade, who moved me to a position in an orchard about 300 yards to the left, and on the right of the road. Remained in battery for about one half hour, when I was ordered forward with the brigade. We moved to the left about a quarter of a mile and took commanding position in an open field. Major Mendenhall then rode up and ordered me still farther to the left. I took position in a cornfield on right of another battery. The brigade, which had gone into the woods from their last position, was driven back, when I opened my battery on the advancing line of rebels. They came in front and on the left flank. I continued to fire until the battery on my left was captured by the enemy, when I limbered up and got back to my position in the field on the right, when I opened fire on the woods, filled with the enemy, with great effect, stopping their advance. This position gave me an enfilading fire. The Third Brigade rallied and took position on my flanks. From this position I opened a very effective enfilade fire on the enemy, did them much injury during several successful charges they were making to their front, in the corn field. They (the enemy) brought up their artillery which was soon silenced by our guns. This position was retained, with slight variation of the line, for the night.

About 3 a. m. of the 20th, word came that the enemy had been cutting roads through the woods all night that they might be able to bring their artillery

to bear upon our position, and we were ordered to follow the brigade to another position, which we did, joining our division about three miles to the left. After daybreak I filled up my ammunition chests and moved forward into line with Third Brigade, when we were ordered to report to Gen. Wood, who immediately ordered me out of the woods. I then returned to the open field in the rear and took position in battery. I was soon ordered by Major Mendenhall, to take position on a hill, about one-fourth of a mile to the left, with the batteries of Capt. Stevens, Capt. Swallow and Lieut. Cushing, Lieut. Cushing being on my right and Capt. Stevens on my left. There was great embarrassment in opening fire from this position on the woods in front, where it was well known the enemy were heavily massed, on account of the impossibility of obtaining any certain information in regard to where our troops were. We were ordered to reserve our fire until we could see the lines of the enemy. The field and a long strip of woods to our left flank had been left without any infantry support, and the enemy seeing this advanced in the woods and their musketry was soon telling with fearful effect upon our cannoneers and horses. They also brought two masked guns to bear on us. I opened my whole battery upon these woods. The enemy made rapid movement under cover of a cornfield, and completely flanked us, pouring volleys of musketry. I lost 30 horses belonging to my first five pieces, which were also lost, one piece was pulled by hand into the woods, but we could not get away with it. I lost one horse in getting away with the

sixth piece, which was the only piece saved. My loss in killed, wounded, and missing is as follows: One sergeant, six corporals, and nineteen privates. My caissons being in the rear under the conduct of my stable sergeant, Edward Downey, into whose hands their care was committed, (we being short of commanding officers) and who deserves special notice for his coolness and bravery, seeing the charge made their escape. I collected my command together and moved on the ridge of the mountains until I struck the Chattanooga road.

We were flanked by the enemy twice during our march, but escaped notice. We arrived in Chattanooga about daylight of the 21st. Lieutenant Hubbard commanded the left half battery and Lieutenant Currier the right. Their conduct was that of brave and efficient officers. I wish to express the greatest satisfaction in the fighting qualities of our men, for greater bravery under such severe circumstances could not be shown. If particular mention was admissable, I would notice the cool conduct of Corpl. John W. Fletcher, in command of the fifth piece, who though taken prisoner at his gun, by his coolness escaped his captors.

Great praise is due to our non-commissioned officers and privates, whose terrible loss in the short space of ten minutes testifies the terrible fire under which they were while working their guns. I cannot mention an instance of cowardice during the action.

For several days prior to the battle I had been suffering with neuralgia and severe headache, which continued, and I was hardly able to sustain myself in

saddle, and nothing but an overpowering desire to be with my men in the struggle kept me from leaving the field.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CORTLAND LIVINGSTON,

Lieutenant, Commanding Third Wis. Battery.

CAPT. G. R. SWALLOW,

Chief of Artillery, Third Division.

Report of Lieut. Cortland Livingston, 3rd Wisconsin Battery.

Camp of 3rd Wisconsin Battery)
Near Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 5th, 1863

Sir: I would report as follows the part taken in the actions of Dec. 31st, and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of January, 1863, by the 3rd Wisconsin Battery:

At daybreak on the morning of December 31st, we moved from camp with our division and crossed the ford at Stone River to the east, and Murfreesboro side. We took a commanding position in battery. In a short time we were ordered to recross to the west side and take up a position commanding the ford. (All the troops that crossed were ordered to recross.) The 3rd Brigade under Co. Price supported our flanks. Very early in the action the enemy gained on our right wing and many wagons and ambulances, moved across the ford. A hospital was established in some buildings there. Inquired of an officer and was informed we had infantry pickets and a small force of cavalry on the other side. About 12 m. I saw a great stampede among the ambulance wagons and stragglers opposite, and was told some rebel

cavalry were charging on them. I was fearful of making a mistake and firing on our own cavalry. We could not see the enemy until he got among the wagons and was taking them off. We then opened fire upon them and disabled two wagons which blocked the lane and obliged them to leave without their booty: I think they got off with only five wagons. They left one man killed and carried off their wounded. We shelled the woods in the direction they had taken. We expended 50 rounds of ammunition that day. The only casualty was one man,—Henry S. Utley—wounded in the thigh slightly. January 1st, (Thursday) the battery was advanced across the river with the third division, under command of Colonel Beatty,—with orders to protect the left from any flank movement, but not to bring on a general engagement. After moving forward about half a mile we discovered two regiments of infantry on a hillside. We threw a few shells among them and they withdrew to the woods on their left. We fired very little that day, only when we saw evidences of their massing troops. We had one man—A. J. Uline—slightly wounded by the sharpshooters.

Jan. 2nd. This morning we discovered the enemy had erected a fortification on the brow of the hill, one and one-half miles to our front. Soon they opened fire on us with their 24-pounder brass pieces. We did not reply and they did us no injury. Soon they moved their guns nearer to us and more to their right; this gave them a flank fire and we found it very dangerous to remain there. We were ordered to withdraw and take a position one-half mile to our rear.

and left. About half an hour after we had done so, we saw the enemy had drawn up in line and was advancing in great force. Just then Gen. Rosencrans ordered me to change my position, so that I was a little late in opening my fire. The enemy advanced steadily driving in our pickets. Our fire was very effective but their ranks closed up immediately. Soon I saw our right had given away, that rested on the river. A heavy column had advanced under cover of the river and its skirt of woods, and had flanked the troops stationed there. I then sent my cannons across to the west side and seeing everything giving way, I sent one section at a time across, still working those that remained until the others were over. When the last section reached the ford one regiment of the enemy was within 100 yards of it and poured a galling fire into us. Many of our horses were shot dead in the river but our brave boys cleared them from the teams and everything was got across. We opened fire on them as soon as we had crossed, though many of our cannons had not yet come up. We opened fire at three different positions after we crossed and soon after the enemy gave back. We crossed to the east side to sustain Gen. Davis and took a position in advance of the one taken the day previous, Jan. 1. We expended this day 300 rounds of ammunition. Our fire was very good, disabling two of the enemies' limbers and killing their horses; but our fire was directed mostly at their advancing lines. We lost nine horses, two sets lead harness and had two men—Sergeant Hollenbeck and David Robin—wounded, not seriously.

Jan. 3rd. We had remained in our position assigned us by Gen. Davis all night and until noon this day, before we were relieved. Our horses had had nothing to eat for 48 hours and our men were wet with wading the river and without shelter from the cold, pelting rain; but when I told them it was the imperative order of Gen. Davis and of vital necessity that we should hold out a little longer, they cheerfully obeyed. Gen. Davis kindly divided what little he had to eat with our men, as did also Colonel Beatty the day before. We had no rations issued since the 30th and our provision and forage wagons had been sent back by order of some one. At 11 a. m. we were relieved by the 26th Penn. Battery and fell back a little to feed. At 11 p. m. recrossed the river by order of Capt. Mendenhall and took up our old position on the west side, commanding the ford.

Jan. 4th. Remained at the ford until 5 p. m. when we were ordered to this camp. We have expended in all 358 rounds of ammunition; lost nine horses, two sets of harness and have four men wounded. Present for duty, three commissioned officers and 107 men.

Yours, etc.,

CORTLAND LIVINGSTON.

CAPT. SWALLOW,

Chief of Art. Brig., 3rd Div.,

Left Wing, Army of the Cumberland.

Extract from report of Colonel S. W. Price, 21st Ky. Inf. commanding 3rd Brig., 3rd Div. Left Wing, Army of the Cumberland:

"On the morning of Dec. 31st, my brigade was

ordered from the position it held, on the north of the N. & M. railroad, across and on the east side of Stone River—crossing the river at a ford about one mile below where the railroad crosses it. At the top of the hill and about one-half mile distant from the river, on the east side, I formed my brigade on the left of the 1st brigade. No sooner had I thus formed my brigade than an order came from Brig. Gen. H. P. Van Cleve, commanding the 3rd division, to cross the river at the same ford, and for me to arrange it so as to overlook and command the ford. I accordingly recrossed and stationed the brigade on the crest of the hill; the 8th Ky. Inf. on the right of the front line, the 3rd Wis. Battery (Lieut. Livingston) on the left of the 8th Ky. * * * * About 2 p. m., 300 or 400 rebel cavalry appeared on the east and opposite side of the river, and made a dash at a number of government wagons containing camp equipage. Before they reached the wagons, Lieut. Livingston, ever vigilant and prompt in the performance of his duties, opened a sharp fire of artillery on them, killing three of them and somewhat confusing the remainder. Notwithstanding they succeeded in starting off a number of the wagons, but during their hasty retreat the artillery disabled one of the wagons thereby blockading the road and saving the wagons in the rear.

Extracts from report of Capt. Jno. Mendenhall, chief of artillery:

Dec. 31, 1862, the left wing started to cross Stone River at about 8 a. m.; but before a division had crossed, intelligence was received that the right was

falling back. Lieut. Livingston, having recrossed the river with the brigade, took a position commanding the ford, and about 12 m. opened upon the enemy's cavalry, while attempting to drive off some of our wagons which had crossed the river and were near a hospital we had established on the other side. They were driven away with little booty.

During the night (Dec. 31) the batteries were re-supplied with ammunition, and I directed them to take positions as follows before daylight, viz: Lieut. Livingston (3rd Wis.) commanding ford on extreme left. During the morning (Jan. 1st) Lieut. Livingston was directed to cross the river. He was assigned a position by Col. Beatty, and Capt. Swallow took his place commanding the ford.

Jan. 2nd, 1863. During the afternoon Col. Beatty changed the position of Lieut. Livingston's (3rd Wis.) battery to near the hospital, across the river.

At 4 p. m. Lieut. Livingston's (3d Wis.) battery, which was across the river, opened upon the advancing enemy and continued to fire until he thought he could no longer maintain his position, when he crossed one section at a time and opened fire again; the firing ceased about dark.

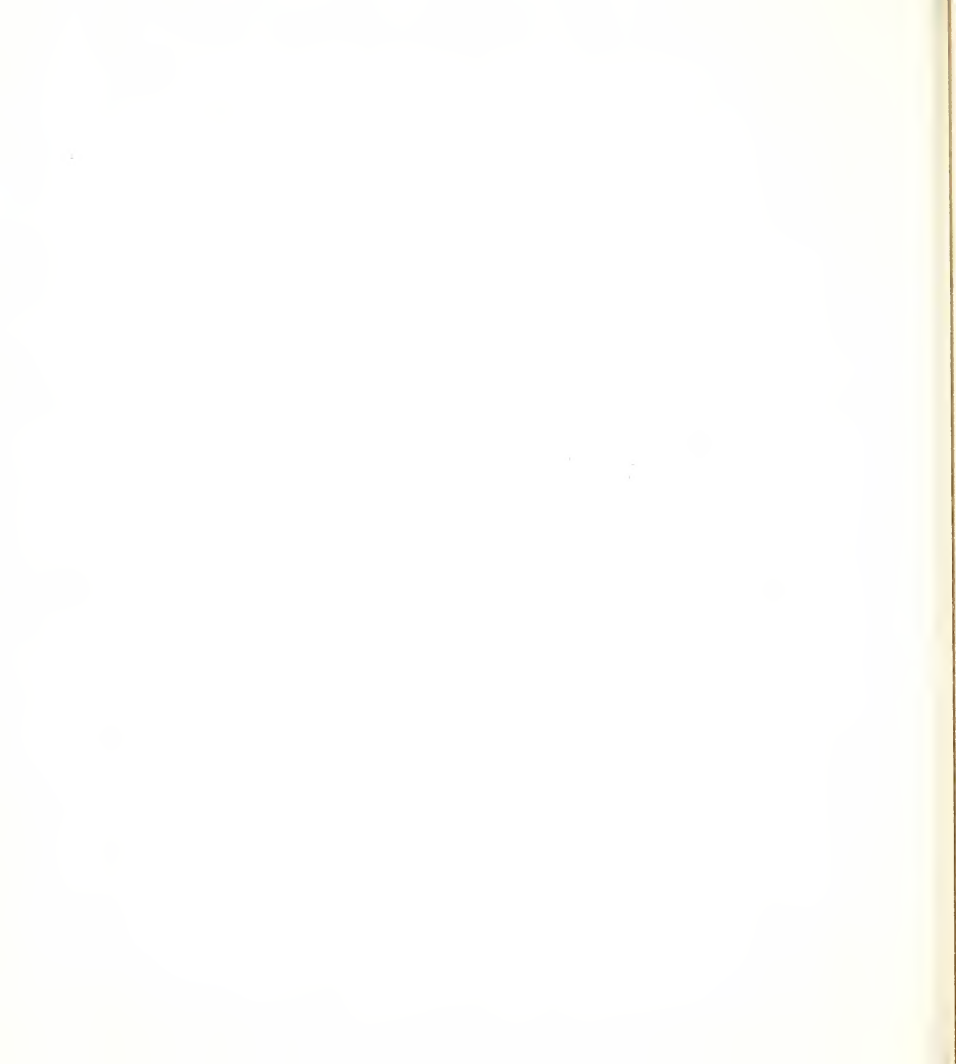
STATEMENT OF THE MILITARY SERVICE OF THE THIRD
BATTERY, WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY
VOLUNTEERS.

As shown by the records, the 3rd Battery, Wisconsin Light Artillery Vol., was organized at Racine, Wisconsin, and was mustered into the service of the United States to date, October 10, 1861, to serve three

years. It was attached to the light Artillery Battalion, 3rd division, 21st Army Corps, and participated in battles as follows: Lebanon, Tennessee, November, 10, 1862; Rural Hill, Tenn., November 18, 1862; Stone's River, Tennessee, December 28, 1862 to January 3, 1863; loss, four men wounded, nine horses killed; Chickamauga, Georgia (reconnoissance toward La Fayette, Georgia,) September 13, 1863; and Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19-20, 1863; loss, Chickamauga campaign, two enlisted men killed, one officer and thirteen enlisted men wounded, eleven enlisted men missing, five guns captured and thirty-two horses killed.

Brigadier General Horatio P. Van Cleve, commanding the division to which this battery belonged, in his report of the Chickamauga campaign, dated September 30, 1863, says: "The non-commissioned officers and privates of the batteries have my warmest thanks for the pertinacity with which they stood by their guns when surrounded by the enemy. I am happy to inform them that their praise is on the tongues of all who witnessed their conduct."

The conduct of this battery in the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19-20, 1863, is also highly praised in the report of Lieut. Cortland Livingston, commanding the battery, dated September 27, 1863, as follows: "I wish to express the greatest satisfaction in the good fighting qualities of our men, for greater bravery under such severe circumstances could not have been shown. * * * Great praise is due to our non-commissioned officers and privates, whose terrible loss in the short space of ten minutes



testifies the terrible fire under which they were while working their guns. I cannot mention an instance of cowardice during the action."

The battery was mustered out of service at Madison, Wisconsin, July 3, 1865.

Official statement respectfully furnished to Hon. John L. Mitchell, United States Senate.

By authority of the Secretary of War.

F. C. AINSWORTH,
Colonel, U. S. Army.

Chief Record and Pension Office.

Record and Pension Office, War Department,
March 2, 1899.

RECOLLECTIONS BY WM. PLACKETT.

Readers of the history of the late war are no doubt familiar with the reply of General Geo. H. Thomas, to General Grant, who, when ordering him to take command of the army of the Cumberland "to hold Chattanooga at any cost." "We will hold the place or starve," and although it was a hard job, and necessitated great labor, and much sacrifice on the part of the rank and file of the army of the Cumberland the promise was kept and the place was successfully held by the remnant of the old and tried army of the Cumberland against a victory-flushed and over confident enemy, strong enough to completely envelop the little remnant of our army, and loose troops enough to prevent getting supplies by any of our ordinary lines of communication. The little army worked manfully day and night for quite a time putting up breastworks for protection, as it seemed to be very likely, if not a certainty, that the enemy

would make a rush on us in our weakened state and try to take the place by storm, but it appears that for some reason, or reasons, he did not take that method, and endeavored to starve us out. By taking possession of Lookout Mountain and Will's Valley, the enemy had cut our railroad communication with our base of supplies and to reach our nearest depot of supplies (Bridgeport) we had to take a circuitous route over the mountains, and hills, a distance of over sixty miles; every mile of which was swarming with mounted enemies, on the keen look-out to prevent our getting supplies from that or any other direction, and hundreds of wagons were captured and burned by them, and the mules taken for their own service; such was the need of men in and around Chattanooga to hold the place, that no very considerable force could be spared as a sufficient guard, so that it did look for a time as if Gen. Bragg had hit the right nail on the head, by trying to starve us out. As soon as the army had fallen back to Chattanooga, and its real situation understood, the rations of the men were much reduced in quantity, and as the difficulty and uncertainty of getting more supplies became more apparent, they were reduced still more until towards the last of the time just before being relieved by other portions of our army from the "east," it seemed that almost next to nothing was issued, and such was the scarcity of provisions, that for several days we had one pint of shelled corn issued to each man for the day's subsistence, and for quite a while we had no meat of any kind; coffee or sugar either. Some men require more food than others, and this will account



for what I saw at different times, which was, men picking up scattering kernels of corn, that had been scattered by horses and mules while eating. The men would wash the corn, thus obtained, and then parch and eat it, the ration of corn they had received from the quartermaster not being sufficient for them. Now when people read in history that over three thousand mules died in Chattanooga during the siege and the winter following, and wonder at it, they would no longer wonder if they knew that the mule feed had to be given to the men to keep them from starving. And all the time that we were under this state of things, the enemy were not sleeping, but kept us in mind in a very emphatic manner that he was right on hand for business, for it was "pop, pop, pop-pety, pop, whizz, screech, serish" and boom all the the time on the picket lines, but under all these discouraging conditions the tried and true old Army of the Cumberland had never a thought of giving up Chattanooga. Oh, no.

As a matter of course we had lots of rumors in camp about various measures that were said to be taking place for our relief, but we knew nothing positive for a long time. We did get quite a chunk of encouragement one night, as we distinctly heard the sounds of musketry firing and some cannonading over in what is called the "Wauhatchie Valley" for we believed that some troops, which had been sent for our relief, were getting near at hand, or were driving the enemy from our "cracker line" and it made the boys "yell" as they listened to the sounds of battle, especially as the sound, growing more distinct

seemed to intimate that our men were pressing the enemy back, and would soon open communication with us. This was a movement ordered by Gen. Grant and carried out by Generals Hooker and Howard, having for its object the shortening of our "cracker line" and was a complete success, and although owing to the occupation of the Lookout Mountain by the enemy, we had to make a rather crooked road, it shortened our route so much that all prospect of Bragg's starving us out was quite gone. I wish to record here that as far as my observation extended, the Army of the Cumberland cheerfully accepted the situation, having faith that if they held on manfully some effective measures would be taken for their relief, and in this they were not disappointed.

A few days after the "affair" in the "Wauhatchie Valley" I had my first look at Gen. Grant, and must confess, that I saw nothing in his appearance that struck me very forcibly, excepting perhaps, his very quiet and calm manner of viewing everything, and there was nothing in his manner that would suggest the thought "this is the man of destiny" in our country's crisis, which indeed he proved to be.

That Gen. Grant was about to do some work that would change the existing state of affairs, in and around Chattanooga, we soon had abundant evidence, for Gens. Hooker and Howard, had moved up their forces nearer to Chattanooga, and were in a position to strike, or to help strike a blow when needed, and about two months after the siege commenced we saw Gen. Sherman around, and we were quite sure that with Grant, Sherman, Hooker and

Howard, and last, but not least by any means, General Geo. H. Thomas, (who had stuck to us all through thick and thin) with us, something was certainly going to happen—and it did, and it resulted in what caused great rejoicing, not only in our little camp but all over our land.

In writing what I do of this battle and the succeeding one of Missionary Ridge, I wish to say that as our battery was so completely disabled by its losses at Chickamauga that it had not been refitted, and were doing any and all sorts of garrison duty, and so I was at perfect liberty to use my time in viewing these battles without taking an active part in them, and in this manner had a better opportunity for observation than if directly engaged.

The morning of the battle of Lookont Mountain (Nov. 24) the sky was completely overcast with heavy clouds, that hung low down, and completely shut out from our view the top of the mountain where were stationed a force of the enemy. That a movement was being made by our troops to gain possession of this mountain we soon had evidence in the frequent and rapid discharges of musketry and occasional cannon shots in that direction, but the misty clouds hid some of the moves from us, and we could only guess the position of the contending forces from the sounds, most of the time. At night however we could better discern the position of the troops by the flashes of fire from the muskets, and once during the night it was quite a vivid scene, showing a long line of fire shooting straight out in het direction of another line of sputtering and irregu-

lar firing. After a time the firing grew less and soon ceased altogether, and the next morning the clouds had cleared away enough so that we could see that the enemy were gone and our boys had possession, and the Stars and Stripes were waving from the pinnacle of Lookout where two months the "stars and bars" had waved.

Thus ended the battle of Lookout Mountain, called by many writers "Hooker's battle in the clouds," and now Hooker was ready to sweep down into the valley between Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge and co-operate with Sherman and Thomas in driving the enemy from Missionary Ridge. Part of the movements made during the battle of Missionary Ridge took place where it was an absolute impossibility for me to see them, those of General Sherman's troops especially, and of them I can only say, that his troops went up the river on the opposite side to Chattanooga and crossed the river near the mouth of Chickamauga Creek, and came to the northern end of Missionary Ridge near the railroad tunnel and made his attack on the enemy's right flank, and with his usual impetuosity and vim he pushed him so hard that he weakened his center to support his flank and one object of his attack was thus gained. In the meantime while General Sherman was getting into position after crossing the river, the Army of the Cumberland, under Gen. Thomas had moved to their position, and as if on parade, commenced their part of the battle, which they did by making a simultaneous attack on the rifle pits of the enemy along their whole front, and

soon they put them to rout, causing them to fall back upon their first line of works near the foot of the ridge. The next move was on the breastworks at the foot of the ridge and the sight to me was a magnificent one when the gallant Army of the Cumberland once again moved forward to attack the enemy.

As soon as that line of blue had got fairly started towards the enemy's breastworks, and thus came into full view, the whole length of Missionary Ridge became a vast sheet of flame, the red-mouthed cannon belching forth flames and smoke, filling the air with bursting shells directly over the heads of our advancing troops, and whole sheets of flame from the thousands of muskets stationed in the breastworks, filled the air with hissing bullets; but nothing daunted by this terrific show of war, on they pressed and soon with a loud cheer they announced the works were theirs.

After the boys had taken possession of this line of outworks, a brief halt was made, but it was not of long duration, for in a short time I saw the line starting up the side of the ridge, on the top of which were thousands of the enemy, who, as soon as the line began moving in their direction, poured incessant and deadly volleys of musketry into the ranks of our advancing troops; but undismayed and as if there were no enemy in their front, that magnificent line of blue, with "old glory" with its stars and stripes dotted here and there along the line, kept steadily climbing the ridge, and at that time I did feel proud that I was a member (if only a very humble one) of the Army of the Cumberland, and to this day, many years since it happened, I can see that line of blue as

it slowly fought its way to the top of that ridge, and a thrill of admiration for my old comrades of the Army of the Cumberland, takes possession of me. Still our boys continue to press their way to the top never halting or faltering, and notwithstanding the brave and determined efforts of the men behind the breastworks at the top, with a rush and a wild hurrah our boys take possession and hold it, and the battle is really over for the day and Chattanooga is ours to keep.

There being nothing in the way of duty to hinder me, I thought I would like to go upon the "ridge" and as soon as we saw the "stars and stripes" on top, a few of us went there and saw some of the evidences of the fierce nature of the conflict the men had gone through. The fatalities were not as great as I expected to find them, considering the fierce artillery and musketry fire our men were exposed to all the time they were making the attack.

The evidences of the unexpected departure of the enemy was in sight in the shape of abandoned artillery, stores of various kinds and small arms lying around. By the time this had occurred and the lines adjusted properly, it was quite dark, and the next morning a move was made to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy, with the result that it was found that he had retreated in the direction of Dalton, Ga., where they had considerable fortifications in readiness for them. The Army of the Cumberland remained near Chattanooga, Gen. Sherman going to Knoxville, Tenn., to relieve Gen. Burnside, and we soon had plenty to eat once more, though the winter of '63 and '64 was quite cold, and we were quite un-

comfortable with cold some of the time. I have a distinct recollection of having got up out of my bunk several different times at night to build a little fire in a sort of fireplace we had made out of brick; this was to try and get a little warmer than I could by staying in my bunk. In evidence of its being a cold winter for us boys, will say that my diary of that time (diary now in my possession) says that on the 22nd day of March, 1864, there was quite a snow-storm at Chattanooga and nearly, or quite, 8 inches of snow fell. But for all the discouraging circumstances, the boys tried to be cheerful and mainly were so; some of them would take pleasure in attending prayer meetings, others would be pleased to play the violin and flute, others again would give impromptu "solo concerts," and occasionally one would be found dancing "juber" with someone to help. We got in quite an excitable state of mind once during the winter; it was this way: We heard some distant cannonading over in the Wauhatchie Valley where Hooker's troops were camped, and soon heard musketry firing and nearer cannon shots, and everything in camp was got in readiness to help Hooker or repel attack if made on us, and a troop of cavalry was sent out to ascertain if Hooker needed help and all the while the infantry was in arms and artillery ready for business, and when the cavalry came back they reported that Gen. Hooker was fighting a sham battle to keep his men's hands in.

RECOLLECTIONS BY E. BEAUMONT.

The next day after the destruction of the battery.



the only piece saved (a howitzer) was posted on the left near the Tennessee River facing Missionary Ridge. On Tuesday a line of earthworks were laid out and entrenching began and a lunette was thrown up. This was afterwards Fort Wood; our lone howitzer occupied it first; afterward siege guns were placed therein. Here too was a gallows where many a Union man had been hanged for his loyalty. This day the last foraging was done; a load of corn was brought in from ground quickly occupied by the rebels. The men worked like beavers and by Tuesday night a line of works were built, too strong for assault by the weary men.

Immediately our horse feed became scarce and grazing was soon used up; some of the boys would crawl through the lines and pull grass to feed, while they would be in the shelter of anything to screen them from sharpshooters. They would put the grass in corn sacks and drag them in behind themselves to our own lines. The rebels were in a short range but never shot anyone, undoubtedly thinking it was surrender or starvation in a short time. The little corn soon disappeared and the horses in the best condition were sent to Bridgeport to save their lives; many had already died tied to trees or posts, which they gnawed as long as they had strength. During the siege 10,000 horses and mules died of starvation. All this time the besieged were throwing up intrenchments and continually strengthening the lines, heavier guns were placed in position and we were drawn into the outskirts of the town. The great problem now was on how little a man could subsist; it was really pitiful to



see the men scratch over the ground where the mules had been fed to find a kernel of corn that might be trod in the mud (a horse does not look over ground closer or make cleaner work of a dirt pile.) Many of the mules had to be sent to bring crackers over the mountains by packing, others were being used to carry the wounded over the same mountains from the camp across the Tennessee, opposite Chattanooga where the poor fellows were without food. Those who survived the trip, were landed at Stevenson, Ala. only to receive a handful of cracker dust,—not a very satisfying amount of food after riding in an army wagon over sixty miles of all sized stones. We suffered with cold as the weather became severe; all stumps and shade trees to be found were dug up to burn. A large raft of logs was sent down the Tennessee river to destroy our potoon bridge but our boys captured it, saved the bridge and made firewood of the logs. Our rations kept diminishing, and we received but a pint of corn for three day's rations. We parched the corn, ground it in coffee mills and made a porridge of it; frequently while preparing this dish, children of the miserably poor and destitute natives would drift into our camp and after wistfully gazing upon it would say, "I like corn." Such pathetic appeals always resulted in receiving a portion of the coarse and scant supply. A corn loaf of unsifted meal, baked in a common sized bake kettle, would be cut into 26 parts, and would sell for 50¢ a piece. Cow's heads divested of meat would bring \$1. For soup purposes, animal tripe were eagerly eaten after a homely preparation. All this time the rebel cavalry were raid-



ing the Union lines of communication north of the river and operating in East Tennessee. These operations resulted in our losing the best quality of our army rations enroute on the backs of mules. Some of the boxes of crackers passed over to the battery had got wet and were spoiled,—a sour, mushy lot of dough utterly unfit for food, yet this stuff was eagerly sorted over, the dry and sound pieces separated from slush while crowds of half starved wretches stood around, and clawed, and almost fought over the sticky mess to get an inch of sound cracker out of it. Comrade Beaumont (the contributor of these recollections) says that years after a member of the 15th Wis., speaking to him of army life, not knowing he had ever “enjoyed it,” told him of his fighting for those half inches of crackers. When he laughed at the recital the poor fellow thought that he doubted his story.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge came a division of the battery; some were already across the Tennessee from Chattanooga, some were put on the Steamer Missionary, with our howitzer and a detail was made for guards on her trips from Chattanooga to Knoxville. These statements of Comrades Plackett and Beaumont are fully corroborated by other communications received from survivors, all of whom coincide in feeling that this state of siege was the darkest period of their lives. Occasionally gleams of pleasure would occur, two of most noteworthy nature was in the arrival to our command of Comrades Harlan S. Howard and Thomas Boyle, who had been taken prisoners at Chickamanga, and who after most



thrilling experiences had successfully escaped, not only from their captors but undoubtedly from death in prison. They were most heartily greeted by the battery and we are pleased to say they still live, Sept. 1st, 1901.

Though frequent details were made from our command, the remnant now occupied Ft. Phelps, where the regular service was drilling upon and handling the heavy guns, in which they became as proficient as they were with the field artillery. Gen. Sherman's advance on Atlanta gave an opportunity for our boys to see more campaigning, and many of them volunteered to take a hand in the business.

—
State of Wisconsin.
Adjutant General's Office.

Madison, Dec. 1, 1896.

Mr. H. H. G. Bradt, Eureka, Wis.

Sir:—Replying to your letter of 29th ult., herewith returned, I have to say, that the records of the 3rd Batt'y, Wis. Lt. Art'y, on file in this office, show that the following named members of said battery were detached in Batt'y "M," 1st Ill. Lt. Art'y, April 26, 1864 by S. O. No. 63, Maj. Cotter:

Joel B. Bates, George A. Borst, Alfred Brink, Maurice Crimmings, Norman Everson, George W. Griffin, Edward Harroune, Ansel Hayes, Silas S. Herrington, Charles A. Hunt, George J. Jarvis, George Kuieram, Orland E. Pattee, William Plackett, Joseph C. Redmore, Thomas Rundle, Michael Scanlan, Andrew Sheffield, Charles Sickles, Henry M. Silsbee, Russelas R. Stillwell, Ivey W. Tubbs, Albert Turek, Adam W.



Uline, Abram VanAernam, Seneca S. Van Ness, Richard Van Slyke, John H. Van Wie.

The following named members of the Batt'y were detached at the same time by the same order, but the records do not show what service they were detached in. "Detailed by S. O. No. 63, to report to Maj. Reynolds, chief of Ar't 20th A. C., by Maj. Cotter." Battery "M," 1st N. Y. Art.:

John Anderson, Esau Beaumont, Russell H. Benedict, Abel H. Bennett, Moses H. Bowen, Alexander Clark, Cassius M. Davis, Francisco H. Davis, Emmett Dunn, Wm. J. K. Bowen, Myron D. Reece, Jeremiah Rode, Alfred S. Weymouth, Alvin H. Weymouth, Wellington White.

On the 30th of June, all the detail were ready for departure for Cleveland, Tenn., and after many good-byes, and most sincere wishes for their welfare, by those that remained in Ft. Phelps, they left the next day to engage in one of the most momentous movements of the war, and a campaign that far exceeded in circumstances of great and constant action anything they had ever experienced.

At Rocky Face Ridge the enemy was first met, then followed engagements of much magnitude at Rosaca, Calhoun, Adairsville, Picket's Mills, New Hope Church, Pine Top, Hanesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta and Jonesboro. During the campaign of five months they were under fire 82 days by actual count from Wm. Plackett's memoranda.

In the advance south, the campaign was notable for continuous reconnoissances, skirmishing at all



hours, flanking movements, and desperate charging over fearfully precipitous mountains, and discharges of avalanches of ammunition, but nothing could withstand the advance of the Union troops, and when Atlanta was secured our boys returned to Ft. Phelps—after receiving the thanks of the commanders of Battery M. of N. Y., and Battery M. of Ill., who certified to their having done their duty on all occasions to their satisfaction. On this campaign Charles Sickles was killed and Rasellas R. Stilwell, Michael Scanlin and Thomas Rundle were wounded, which comprised all the loss to our detail. Soon after, in October, the men that enlisted at the organization of the battery in 1869,—with the exception of 33, who reenlisted—were mustered out, their time expiring. They returned to their Wisconsin homes. Some reenlisted in other organizations, and some returned to the south to engage in other operations. The 33 men that reenlisted received a furlough and on returning brought a number of recruits, but not enough to complete a full battery and as a strong garrison was still needed at Chattanooga a part of the men were divided among the 6th and 8th Wis. batteries and all of the said batteries done garrison duty, principally at Murfreesboro, Tenn.; ours being in Lunate Palmer, of Fortress Rosecrans, to the extreme right of the battle line we occupied at Stone River. We here held the lunette with field guns and a fort adjacent having siege guns, and drilled frequently on both; it was in this camp we learned of the assassination of President Lincoln, which caused the greatest excitement among the troops here, and brought on several individual



encounters in Murfreesboro between our men and the rebel soldiers, who were returning to their homes. I spoke of Revolutionary soldiers' graves, I found on our extreme left. One day a party of us took a trip to the extreme right of our line and there found other Revolutionary soldiers' graves and probably between the two extreme points we fought over others. We will here mention that in our marches we passed by the graves of Presidents Jackson, Taylor and Polk, each having relatives in arms against the Union they fought for, or presided over as chief magistrates.

In July we were ordered again to Chattanooga, remaining there long enough to turn over to the government officers all our equipments, and to be mustered out. This date is placed upon our discharges as 3d of July, though in reality it did not occur until the 20th. While enroute for Madison, Wis., an incident occurred that marred our pleasure of the trip very much. Our battery and the 6th were loaded upon freight cars inside and the tops were both filled and while going between Tullahoma, Tenn., and Nashville, the engineer of the train, who it was afterwards ascertained was a drunken rebel, tried his best to wreck the train by starting suddenly without warning, and running at the highest rate of speed possible, then as suddenly as he could he would stop, and in that way two of the 6th battery boys were thrown between the cars and killed. Just after leaving Murfreesboro the fellow stopped the train and as the boys rushed to seize and lynch him, he detached the engine going ahead a half a mile, he came back and dashed the engine into the train, then lit out for



Nashville, leaving the boys to nurse their wrath while waiting nearly a day before securing another engine to pull us to Nashville.

Now, dear comrades, we present you in rather an imperfect way, what is really but a brief sketch of the battery's service obtainable now, and which many think should be ready for immediate distribution, hence its incompleteness. This work was planned at the organization of the Battery association at St. Paul in 1896, and although the most earnest and assiduous efforts have been put forth to secure its completeness, it will be presented as we now have it and in hopes that at some time in the near future suitable and appropriate illustrations may be added.

I must say of this battery, I am proud of its history, and deeply thankful of being one of its members. Many of its best and bravest went down to death, giving their young lives for their country and flag they loved so well. Many more received grievous wounds from which they still suffer, others by the fortune of war were prisoners in the hands of the enemy and after many days and months of alternate hope and fears, suffered to their death in the horrible prison pens, of Andersonville, Richmond and Danville, where starvation and disease were more deadly than the storm of iron and lead upon the battle field, and where death was welcomed as a benefactor. And it is with a feeling of sadness that we recall the names of our patriot dead, the heroic deeds they done, and the ties that bound us together, as we stood side by side on the battlefield and endured the trials of a soldier's life, on the weary march, in camp or bivouac.

Your Secretary,

H. H. G. BRADT.



A FEW REMINISCENCES

Captain Drury was a man of much humor—two illustrations we give: Oct. 6, '63 he writes to the Racine Advocate, from a field hospital near Chattanooga: "My wound is doing remarkably well and as soon as Forrest gets through playing the d—l with the railroads I will start home. The surgeons of the army are having a nice little time over my wound. They say that by all the rules of surgery and anatomy, I ought to have died in three or four hours, and some of them, the most enthusiastic in their profession, are indignant because I can't see it. I was struck about an inch from the center of my body, three inches below my right nipple, the ball lodging between two of the ribs three inches from the spine. An incision was made in my back and the ball was removed with forceps. It is supposed that my liver was perforated—but a man that has pluck can get along without a liver."

A few days before the battle of Chickamauga when General Crittenden's corps was lying at Gordon's Mills waiting for General Rosencrans to come up, with the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, a fight occurred on the picket line, in which Capt. Drury, of the 3d Wisconsin Battery (and allow me to say right here that



a braver man or more genial comrade never pulled a lanyard,) was wounded, as we all thought mortally, a minie-ball crushing through his right lung. Borne to the rear, he was laid on a cot in a house near the mill and a surgeon summoned. Pending his arrival, the writer sought to impart such consolation as the case seemed to require, and told him, among other things, to keep up his spirits; that a man with his continuous flow of spirits and good health might fight off death by force of will. "Ah, colonel," said he (and as he spoke the red blood welled up from the wound with every breath.) "I believe—I would—rather—have that—experiment tried—on one of my wife's relations."

From Corinth, Mississippi, the battery proceeded with Gen. Buell's army, in quest of the Confederate army, which had gone east. In a few days the army arrived at Iuka, Miss., and owing to obstructions at the front, were ordered into camp in the outskirts of the town, and the natural curiosity of the boys of the battery, led several of them to take a stroll through town. Among them were several printers, of which the battery was well supplied. While going along the principal street they espied a sign reading "Printing Office," and they could not resist the temptation to see what a southern printing office looked like; so in they went, but found the only occupant of the office was a small boy, commonly called the "devil," of which every well-regulated printing office was supposed to contain. In answer to questions he said all the men connected with the office had gone into the Confederate army. He then, probably thinking the



lower regions was a more desirable place to be in at that time, immediately took his departure also. Left alone in possession of the office, someone of the boys sprung the idea of going to work and getting out a newspaper. The idea struck them all favorably. All the printers of the battery were hastily called together and all were eager for the work. Then a controversy arose about who should be the editor-in-chief, but as Capt. Drury had but a few months before published a lively newspaper in Berlin, Wis., (called the Green Lake County Democrat) he was unanimously chosen as editor-in-chief. He called as his assistants, J. D. Galloway, Dave Hubbard and Ed Case, with Wayne Galloway as the poet. Soon the compositors were at work, and in a remarkably short time enough was sent up to fill the paper. Then with Esau Beaumont as the chief motive power, the paper was printed, which was called the "Badger Bulletin." It was filled with all kinds of interesting matter, except advertisements. The scarcity of them was owing to the storekeepers not wishing to patronize that kind of a paper. Then Wayne Galloway was chosen as chief circulator, who worked so hard he has been unable to do a day's work since. He soon had a corps of newsboys going in every direction, and that evening nearly the whole army was electrified by hearing the cry: "Here's the Badger Bulletin, just printed. All the latest news; only ten cents." The greatest capacity of the motive power was not sufficient to supply the demand, and the treasury of the office carried by the circulator, was supposed to be well filled; but, although some of the boys that did the labor of get-

ting out the paper were mercenary enough to think they ought to have a share in the proceeds, the treasurer, thinking the distribution of so much wealth among the boys at once would have a bad effect, concluded it was best to carry it himself. But since the war it is currently reported that Wayne Galloway has been traveling all over the country trying to find the boys interested in that paper, in order to distribute the funds collected from the sale of the "Badger Bulletin."—*E. D. Case.*

While the steamboat, J. W. Hindman, was taking on the battery at Louisville, Ky., March 8, '62, a spar fell, striking Chauncey R. Stone, and knocking him senseless into the icy and turbid waters of the much swollen Ohio river, where he would have drowned if Maurice Crimmings had not instantly plunged into the river, catching him while sinking and, swimming with him around the bow of the boat, brought him safely to land. Maurice still lives.—*Esau Beaumont.*

Our harvest of reminiscences having proved less fruitful than we hoped, you will pardon your secretary in presenting some personal recollections. In consequence of the long-time healing of my Chickamauga wounds, and the further developing of injuries received at Stone River, I was unable to join my command until Nov., '64. I left Harvey hospital in charge of a squad of convalescents bound for their commands. It was with difficulty that they were kept within the fold, for like a lot of school boys, frolics they were bound to have, and especially so, when meeting the many recruits our train received at every station.



where frequently the impromptu war dances proved quite amusing. At Chicago and Indianapolis the recruits still poured in more rapidly, in fact, than when I was sent north. Those for the east received immediate transportation; we for the south or Army of the Cumberland, were delayed as information received showed that Gen. Hood, with a desperate horde of ragged and almost destitute rebels was advancing on Nashville and threatening communications with Chattanooga. After a while we received transportation for Louisville, and when I arrived there every man of our squad had disappeared. On reporting that fact to Gen. Hobson, he did not seem surprised, but said the provost guard would bring them in. If it were streams of soldiers we met at other points, here indeed was the flood, pouring in squads, detachments and regiments, shouting most jubilantly "We are coming Father Abraham, 300,000 more." A perfect jam was on the trains—passengers and box cars were crammed full, top and inside; 13 trains were in our string. In the night freight trains loaded with munitions of war ran out of Louisville every twenty minutes. We tarried in Nashville but a little while and passed numerous camps of troops guarding the road to our place of destination through a much devastated country. Our train was the last through as Hood's cavalry destroyed part of the track and we found that we had just escaped capture by the alertness of the train engineer. We will never forget the scenes that we met at our arrival at Chattanooga. The surroundings of the depot were very filthy in comparison with the trim appearance at the northern



depots. Here we met one of the most motley crowds of all known hues in complexion and of every degree of human classes, specimens of the chivalry, stalwart and impudent and shameless negroes of both sexes, distressingly appearing refugees, and the blue coats in their mighty omnipresence.

By a dint of inquiry I found my command and, what a change from the appearance when last I knew it, in its vigorous virility of stalwart manhood. But one commissioned officer was with the command at Ft. Phelps, viz: Lieut. J. Waite, late Ord. Sergt. This position was now filled by W. H. Williams. This fort was a sort of a great mound thrown up from the plain; clustering around and below were the quarters, cabins of lumber, with fire places. I did not feel satisfied at all with the condition of things which to me seemed very woeful. Many strange faces appeared and many of the boys had gone home for good, their term expiring, and many of the unfortunate had passed to their last resting place. The battery never afterwards seemed natural to me and withal I was disgusted with doing garrison duty which however was very essential.

Shortly after arriving here we heard the deep booming to the north of guns; this continued at intervals for several days, and after communication was restored we learned of the destruction of Hood's army at Franklin and Nashville, eighty miles distant.

We had no communication here for 30 days with the outer world, and during that time again was experienced a season of lack of food. I paid two dollars for four biscuit, very sodden blue affairs; cheese



was \$2 a pound, condensed milk \$2 a quart. I paid \$1 for a cow's skull, and picked out of the ditch surrounding the fort, bacon rinds, that had been thrown there in slops a long time before and ate them. Our rations remained extremely scant until the embargo was raised and when our friends at home got things to us we were happy indeed. On occasional visits to the town we found that aside from the usual business of camp life that much activity through industrial pursuits were progressing. Among them we visited with interest were the various iron works and boat yards, which activities we learn, are far more widely developed. In closing a point of much interest to me was the National Cemetery where, too, lie our battery's dead of the Chickamauga campaign, whose memories we will ever keep green.

OUR DEAD.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit there!

Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep, that knows no waking,
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of toil and nights of waking.

We will state that the morning of Sept. 20th, found



the battery in position at daylight on an elevation of the Dyer field, spoken of with the "action front," toward a body of timber in the rear of some of our intrenchments, back of the Poe and Brotherton houses; soon after the engagement commenced, we were ordered to advance toward and into this timber which we did, passing over a rail fence. We had not gone but a few rods when we found that farther progress was almost impossible, and while in this fix we received a shower of bullets from an unseen force. We immediately fell back to near our previous position, on what is now known as Battery Hill; and discharging our guns at times from this our last position, until informed (a mistake) that we were firing on our own men. Regarding this position in which there has seemed to be confusing ideas, we will give it correct from Corp. Ira E. Smith, prefacing it regarding the business of the day before—the 19, viz.; "The 3rd Wis. Battery checked and forced back the whole rebel left at 4 o'clock p. m., by getting an enfilading fire on their line of battle and that when our line was broken, I claim that our battery saved our right wing from being turned at that time. We went into line of battle (last position the 20th) moving by the left flank by in battery to the right. Our first pieces which I had the honor to command that day, being in the lead, became the left of the line; the 6th piece became the right of the line by going into action in that manner. The front of a battery while limbered up, is the way the pole points. The front of a battery in action is the way the guns point.—*Ira E. Smith.*

We will state that at the dedication of our monu-



ment and previous locating the rebel commissions conceded the correctness of the positions assumed, Maj. Colburn, E. M. Kanouse and Esau Beaumont were present on said occasion and corroborate said statements.

The battle flags of all Wisconsin organizations but ours, are displayed in the Historical Rooms at Madison. The explanations of its absence has been very frequently asked for. We will present for the interested, the communication of Comrade and Dr. T. D. Kanouse regarding the matter:

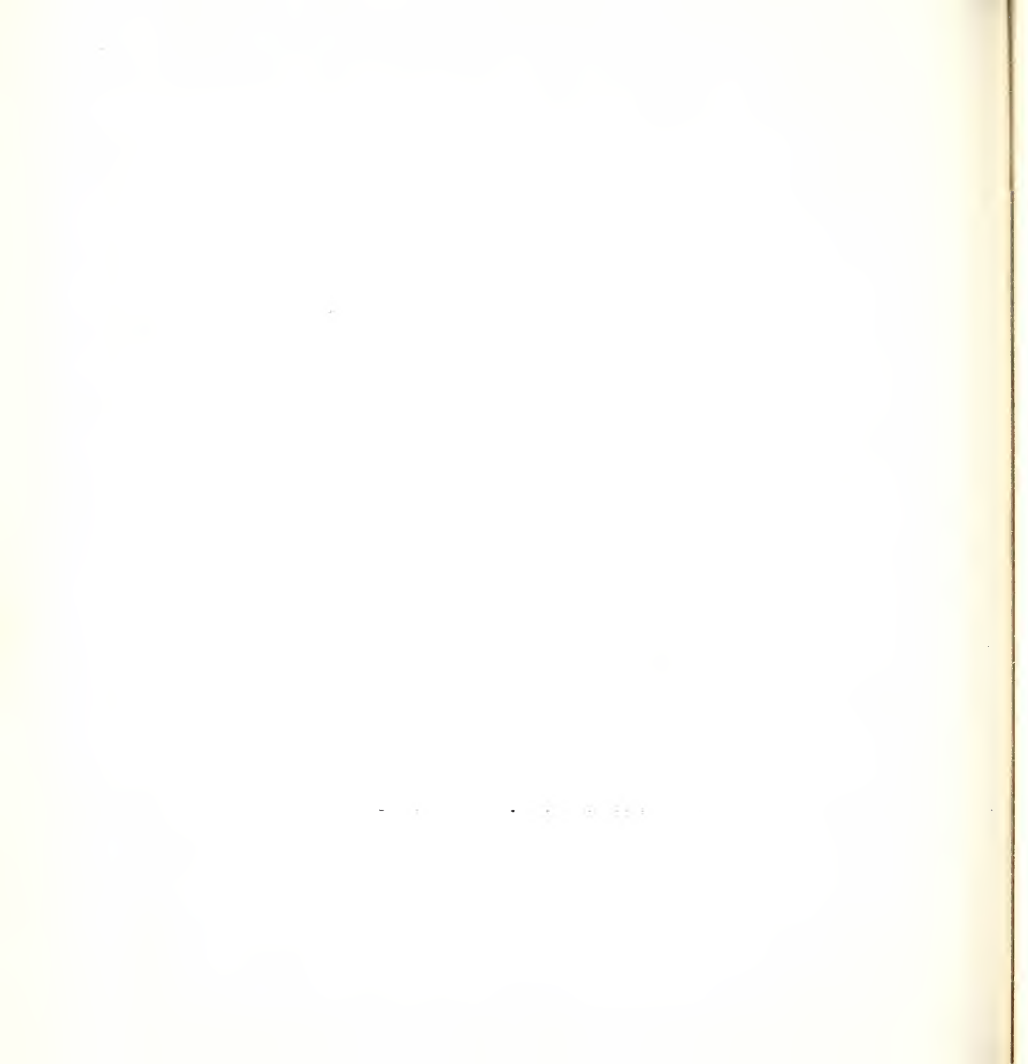
Glendale, Cal., Aug. 26, 1901.

Esau Beaumont Esq., Merton, Wis.

My Dear Comrade: It would be my greatest pleasure to be with the 3d Battery boys the 18th, 19th and 20th of Sept. next, and nothing but the great distance and large expense hinders me. I am abundantly able (physically) to travel, and my heart yearns to go. Please answer "aye" for me at roll call and make my fraternal regards to all the comrades.

Anent the guidon: In the battle of Chickamauga, Billy VanTyne was sick. I got leave from the Q. M. to go to the battery for the battle. The captain gave me the guidon to carry when marching. After the skirmish of 13th Sept., during which I carried it; it was placed on a baggage wagon. After the battle of 19th and 20th, I was too sick to tell a guidon from a ramrod; was sent back to die,—didn't die, but was sent to battery again, nor saw the guidon afterwards.
—T. D. Kanouse.

We have now learned that while the debris of the battery were across the Tennessee at Chattanooga,



the starving mules that were hitched to a battery wagon eat up everything they could reach, and the colors of the battery proving a delicate morsel for the famishing creatures came to an inglorious end then, and there.

While we lay at Murfreesboro we received a newspaper denying the charge that England was supplying the rebels with munitions of war, asserting that the Christian sentiment of England would not allow it. Well we found on the battlefield of Stone River abundant evidence of the controversy, viz: Through empty ammunition boxes marked "Ludlow & Co., Manchester, England" left by the rebels, and which we were pleased to use for fuel.

We will conclude the reminiscent order with a portion of our Maj. W. J. Colburn's account so brilliantly narrated at a banquet of the Army of the Cumberland, of a part taken by him at the battle of Chattanooga. It is all is should be in characterization and comprehensiveness of description and we regret that we cannot quote more from its highly interesting pages: Maj. Colburn, was on duty on the staff of Gen. J. M. Brannan, chief of Art'y Army of the Cumberland, and was instructed to act as aide-de-camp during the impending battle. Maj. Colburn had organized a supply train from the 18 batteries composing the artillery reserve of the army. After a vivid detail of the great struggle along a four mile front, over precipices 400 feet high, and of the magnificent victory, he informs us that he was ordered by Gen. Brannan, to proceed at once to Gens. Gordon, Granger, Wood, Sheridan and Baird, and notify them



that he was sent to take charge of the captured guns. "I proceeded at once to Gen. Bragg's headquarters where I found Granger, Sheridan, Wood, Hazen and members of their staff, hilarious with joy at the success of the grand assault on the center by the gallant old Army of the Cumberland. I delivered my message which was then and there confirmed and on behalf of the Army of the Cumberland I took charge of the captured artillery. It was ten o'clock that night before I completed my tour and was able to report to my chief that we had captured 40 pieces of artillery. The next day I commenced moving the captured guns. * * * and parked them in front of the headquarters of Gen. Brannan in Chattanooga. With this capture our army felt as though the evil fortune of our batteries at Chickamauga had been retrieved, and what was of far greater moment to the national cause, we had secured Chattanooga forever to the Grand Republic."

ROSTER
THIRD BATTERY WISCONSIN
LIGHT ARTILLERY

ROSTER 3d BATTERY WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY

OFFICERS	DATE	REMARKS
<i>Captain</i>	<i>Rank from</i>	
Lucius H. Drury.....	Sept. 6, '61	Enl. Aug. 26, '91; wnd. Sept. 13, '63, on Cove road, Lafayette, Ga.; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; Maj. 1st Wis. H. A., deceased.
<i>Sr. 1st Lieutenants</i>		
Court'nd Livingston	Sept. 6, '61	Enl. Sept. 6, '61; res. Feb. 26, '64; deceased.
Hiram F. Hubbard...	Mar. 8, '64	Enl. Aug. 26, '61; Jr. 2d Lieut. Sept. 5, '61; 1st Lieut. Aug. 19, '62; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; deceased.
<i>Jr. 1st Lieutenants</i>		
James T. Purdy ...	Sept. 6, '61	Enl. Aug. 28, '61; res. Aug. 10, '62.
Henry Currier	Mar. 8, '64	Enl. Sept. 6, '61, Sergt., 1st Sergt., Sr. 2d Lieut. July 10, '62; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Concord, Minn.
<i>Sr. 2d Lieutenants</i>		
Albert LeBrun ...	Sept. 6, '61	Enl. Aug. 26, '61; res. Nov. 16, '62; deceased.
Webster J. Colburn...	Mar. 8, '64	Enl. Sept. 8, '61; Sergt. 1st Sergt., Jr. 2d Lieut. Aug. 19, '62; prom. Capt. and A. Q. M., U. S. Vol., Sept. 19, '64; Brevet Maj., Mar. 13, '65; M. O. June 5, '66; address Chattanooga, Tenn.
Joseph W. Waite	Oct. 6, '64	Enl. Aug. 26, '61; Vet. Corp. Sergt. 1st Sergt., Jr. 2d Lieut., Mar. 8, '64; M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
<i>Surgeon</i>		
Henry W. Cansdell...	Apr. 27, '62	Trans. to 1st Wis. Battery Lt. Art; dead.
ENLISTED MEN		
<i>Sergeants</i>	<i>Enlisted</i>	
Charles H. Clough...	Sept. 4, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
William H. Williams	Sept. 26, '61	Vet. Ord.; M. O. July 3, '65; address Meadow Valley, Wis.
Thos. S. Fessenden	Nov. 10, '61	Vet.; wnd. Chickamauga; M. O. July 3, '65; address Hurley, S. D.
Willard A. Marshall	Sept. 4, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; address St. Louis, Mo.
Harvey F. Billings...	Sept. 7, '61	Disch. '62, disability; dead.
Edgar C. Brewster...	Sept. 7, '61	Disch. from Camp Racine, disability; address Poy Sippi, Wis.
Gasherie E. Decker	Sept. 1, '61	Wnd. Chickamauga; pris., died Andersonville, Ga.
Stephen M. Chapin...	Sept. 10, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp; dead.
John E. Frost ...	Oct. 1, '61	Disch., disability, '62; dead.
John D. Galloway...	Sept. 6, '61	Q. M.; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp; address Oleander, Cal.
Zeph D. Hollenbeck	Aug. 27, '61	Vet.; wnd. Stone River; disch. April 1, '65; dead.



ROSTER 3d BATTERY WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY

NAME	DATE	REMARKS
<i>Sergeants</i>		
<i>Enlisted</i>		
Arza J. Noble.....	Sept. 1, '61	Died of wnds. received at Chickamauga.
Edward G. Ralph....	Oct. 4, '61	Disch. '62, disability; dead.
Horace H. Worden....	Sept. 4, '61	Disch. '64, disability; dead.
Alden Woodbury....	Sept. 9, '61	Ord. M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Me- chanic Falls, Mo.
Alfred C. Woodworth	Sept. 6, '61	Disch. '62, disability; dead.
James A. Chapell ...	Aug. 21, '61	O. M. disch. '62, disability; address Illion, N. Y.
Anthony W. Galloway	Aug. 26, '61	Vet., M. O. July 3, '65; no abiding place.
Theo. D. Kanouse....	Jan. 10, '63	Trans. to V. R. C.; M. O. July 5, '65; address Glendale, Cal.
<i>Corporals</i>		
Ira E. Smith.....	Sept. 23, '61	Vet., wnd. Chickamauga; M. O. July 3, '65; address Dartford, Wis.
Gilbert Armstrong...	Sept. 6, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; address Berlin, Wis.
John I. Vedder.....	Sept. 5, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; address Kanuck, Ark.
Thomas Lambert.....	Sept. 6, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; address Ashton, S. Dak.
David S. Bedal.....	Sept. 7, '61	Wnd. Chickamauga; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; address Sioux City, Iowa.
Benj. R. Billings....	Sept. 4, '61	Disch. Aug., '62; disability; address Bushnell, S. Dak.
Ariel Bliss.....	Sept. 10, '61	Disabled Chickamauga; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Whitehall, Mich.
Orlando W. Davis...	Aug. 30, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address LaCygne, Kan.
John W. Fletcher....	Sept. 16, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; wnd. at Chicka- mauga; deceased.
Edw. M. Kanouse....	Sept. 3, '61	Wnd. Chickamauga; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Wausau, Wis.
Marcus M. Safford...	Sept. 13, '61	Disch. Oct. 25, '62; disability; dead.
Leonard J. Uline....	Sept. 5, '61	Wnd. Stone River; pris. Chickamauga; died in rebel prison.
William H. Wilson...	Sept. 6, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Mar- quette, Wis.
Henry S. Uttley.....	Aug. 28, '61	Wnd. Stone River; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp; address Creston, Iowa.
Lewellen S. Walker	Sept. 25, '61	Disch. Apr. 5, '62; disability; address Plainfield, Wis.
Hiram H. G. Bradt...	Aug. 30, '62	Wnd. Chickamauga; M. O. July 3, '65; address Eureka, Wis.
<i>Privates</i>		
George E. Albee.....	Dec. 23, '63	Prom. 2d Lieut., '36 Wis. Inf.; address New Haven, Conn.
William Allen.....	Sept. 7, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
John Anderson.....	Jan. 6, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; no trace.
James Austin.....	Sept. 17, '62	Wagoner; M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Waupaca; Wis.

ROSTER 3d BATTERY WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY

NAME	DATE	REMARKS
Daniel Bacon.....	Sept. 2, '61	Died Hamburg, Tenn.; disease.
Henry S. Bacon	Sept. 2, '61	Disch., disability, 1862; address Troutdale, Ore.
William S. Baker....	Sept. 8, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; address Split Rock, Wis.
Joel B. Bates	Sept. 30, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; address Troutdale, Ore.
Esau Beaumont	Oct. 1, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Merton, Wis.
Russell H. Benedict ..	Aug. 27, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Syracuse, Kan.
Abel H. Bennett	Nov. 25, '63	Vet. Recruit; M. O. July 3, '65; no trace.
Benj. F. Bentley	Sept. 22, '61	Disch. '62, disability; address Oakland Ore.
Edward Berg	Aug. 21, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Nathan Best	Sept. 2, '61	Died Nashville, Tenn., '62.
Franklin C. Billings ..	Jan. 6, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
George A. Borst	Jan. 1, '62	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65.
Miron L. Bowen	Sept. 6, '61	Disch. '62; disability; dead
Moses H. Bowen	Sept. 6, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Wm. J. K. Bowen	Sept. 6, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Chicago, Ill.
Thomas Boyle	Oct. 4, '61	Pris. Chickamauga; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Phoenix, Ari.
Joseph Breuling	Aug. 27, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Story, Wis.
Alfred Brink	Oct. 13, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Troutdale, Ore.
Amos Brown	Sept. 7, '61	Disch. '62, disability; dead.
David Bruce	Sept. 7, '61	Disch. '62, disability; dead.
Albert C. Bryant	Sept. 3, '61	Died '63 in Ala.; disease.
Eugene Burr	Oct. 2, '61	Died disease in Miss. in '62.
Harvey N. Burdick	Sept. 10, '61	Disch. '62, disability; dead.
Samuel Burdick	Sept. 10, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; address Viola, Minn.
James W. Carler	Sept. 13, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Edwin D. Case	Sept. 8, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; address Milwaukee, Wis.
Titus B. Chapin	Sept. 16, '61	Pris. at Chickamauga; died at Andersonville, Ga., '64.
John H. Chapel	Aug. 28, '64	Disch. '62, disability, dead.
Alexander Clark	Dec. 17, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; address Verona, Wis.
Mortimer A. Clark	Sept. 3, '61	Died Murfreesboro, Tenn. in '63, disease.
Chas. M. Clough	Dec. 30, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; address Rochester, Minn.
Benj. C. Cornwall	Sept. 29, '61	M. O. Nov. 13, '64; term exp.; dead.
Daniel Cornwall	Oct. 1, '61	Disch. '62, disability; dead.
George R. Cowles	Sept. 20, '61	Disch. '62, disability; died in a rebel prison.
Manning S. Cowles	Sept. 20, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Martin T. Crandall	Oct. 1, '61	Disch. Jan. 7, '63, disability; address Stevens Point, Wis.
Maurice Crimmings	Aug. 27, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Berlin, Wis.
Cassius M. C. Davis	Dec. 28, '63	Died Madison, Wis., disease, '64.
Francisco H. Davis	Aug. 20, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address LaCygne, Kan.
Trussel Davis	Sept. 10, '61	Disch. '62, disability; dead.
Robison Dawson	Oct. 2, '61	Disch.; no date; no trace.
Walter W. Dean	Sept. 1, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Traverse City, Mich.
Isaac Delaney	Sept. 6, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Eureka, Wis.



ROSTER 3d BATTERY WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY

NAME	DATE	REMARKS
Moreau Dibble	Sept. 25, '61	Died, disease, Murfreesboro, Tenn., 1863.
Edward Downey.....	Aug. 27, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Emmett Dunn	Dec. 29, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
James Dunlap	Sept. 2, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Harry Durham.....	Sept. 12, '61	Disch. '62, disability; no trace.
William Earle	Aug. 27, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Soldiers Home, Bath, N. Y.
Elbridge G. Eaton ..	Sept. 20, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Hetzel, Wis.
Stafford R. Edgerton	Sept. 6, '61	Died, disease, 1862, Savannah, Tenn.
William Edgerton Jr.	Jan. 1, '62	Died, disease '62, Corinth, Miss.
Normon Everson.....	Dec. 2, '63	M. O. July 3, '65, address Detroit, Mich.
William Everling	Sept. 13, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Fayette Fuller.....	Aug. 14, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Philip A. Field.....	Sept. 7, '61	Disch. '63, disability, dead.
Patrick Fitz Patrick	Sept. 10, '61	Deserted '62; address Mount Iron, Minn.
Peter Foreman	Sept. 2, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Joseph Foster	Sept. 2, '61	Disch. '62, disability; dead.
Albert Frank	Sept. 2, '61	Bugler; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Soldiers Home Milwaukee, Wis.
Charles Galloway ..	Aug. 26, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Asa C. Gardner	Aug. 18, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; address Aztalan, Wis.
Darwin Gardner.....	Aug. 21, '62	No further record or trace.
Julius Gordon	Sept. 4, '61	Disch.; disability '61; no trace.
Daniel Graham	Dec. 24, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; address Eagle River, Wis.
Geo. W. Griffin	Dec. 30, '63	Vet. Recruit; M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Paul Guyon	Sept. 6, '61	Pris. Chickamauga; M. O. Apr. 17, '65; address Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Edward Harroune...	Nov. 24, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; address Princeton, Wis.
Silas S. Harrington	Dec. 29, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; no trace.
Elijah N. Harvey.....	Aug. 29, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; address Lake Mills, Wis.
Thomas Hawley.....	Aug. 21, '62	Pris. Chickamauga; died Andersonville, Ga., '64.
Ansel Hayes	Dec. 21, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Boyceville, Wis.
Henry E. Hers	Jan. 1, '62	Pris. Chickamauga, died, Danville, Va., '64.
Lind'n A. Hildreth Jr.	Aug. 29, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Herman Hoag	Oct. 4, '61	Died, Corinth, Miss., disease, '62.
R. P. Holtenbeck.....	Jan. 1, '64	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. San Francisco, Cal.
Harlan S. Howard	Aug. 29, '61	Pris. Chickamauga; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; address Madison, Wis.
Charles W. Hubbard	Sept. 6, '61	Wnd. Chickamauga; disch., disability, dead.
David Hubbard	Aug. 26, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Richard H. N. Hugg	Aug. 26, '61	Deserted '62; no trace.
Charles A. Hunt	Oct. 20, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; address Beloit, Wis.
Hamlin T. Hu. t.....	Sept. 20, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Hortonville, Wis.
Dennis S. Hurd	Aug. 21, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.



ROSTER 3d BATTERY WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY

NAME	DATE	REMARKS
Ebenezer G. Jackson	Aug. 26, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
George J. Jarvis	Aug. 29, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Faulkton, S. Dak.
Orson F. Johnson	Sept. 6, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
John E. Jones	Sept. 6, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Stouts-ville, Mo.
Alijah W. Kanouse	Aug. 24, '64	M. O. July 3, '65; address Appleton, Wis.
Ira W. Kanouse	Sept. 3, '61	Disch. '62, disability; address Madison, Wis.
Benj. W. Kennison	Sept. 4, '61	Disch. '62, disability; no trace.
Albert H. Kimball	Nov. 9, '63	Vet. Recruit; M. O. July 8, '65; dead.
George Knieriem	Aug. 17, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Latourell Falls, Ore.
Joseph Lamp	Sept. 28, '61	Disch., disability, '62; Ad. Princeton, Wis.
Milo Lang	Sept. 6, '61	Disch. '63, disability; dead.
Henry C. Leshner	Sept. 13, '61	Disch., disability, '62; Ad. Lee's Summit, Mo.
Joseph H. Lewis	Sept. 4, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Chicago, Ill.
George A. Lincoln	Dec. 26, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
James H. Livingston	Sept. 7, '61	Pris. Chickamauga, died in rebel prison.
Norman Livingston	Oct. 2, '61	Disch., disability '61; dead.
Alfred Lounsbury	Sept. 4, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Browns- dale, Minn.
James R. Luce	Sept. 13, '61	Artificer; disch., disability, '62; address Ever- ett, Wash.
William H. Luce	Sept. 13, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Oshkosh, Wis.
Leonard W. Lusted	Aug. 13, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; address Bloomer, Wis.
David Marshall	Jan. 10, '63	Vet. Recruit; M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Ole W. Martin	Oct. 2, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; address 802 Vine & Willow St., Mankato, Minn.
Lewis D. Mausuere	Jan. 1, '62	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65 Ad. Arcadia, Wis.
Wm. A. McDonald	Jan. 1, '62	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
William McIntyre	Oct. 2, '61	Died in '62.
William McMahoone	Sept. 3, '61	Pris. at Chickamauga, died '64 in Anderson- ville, Ga.
William J. Melvin	June 13, '64	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Edward Mendeck	Aug. 19, '62	No further record, trace lost.
Robert M. Menn	Sept. 8, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Erastus C. Montague	Sept. 5, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
John Moore	Sept. 2, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Charles City, Iowa.
Henry A. Moore	Oct. 2, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; no trace.
Isaac Newton	Aug. 20, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
M. L. Nichols	Sept. 1, '61	Deserted '61.
Richard Noble	Aug. 30, '62	Trans. to V. R. C.; disch. Jan. '65, disability; ad- dress Tomah, Wis.
John O'Riley	Aug. 16, '62	Disch. '63, disability; dead.



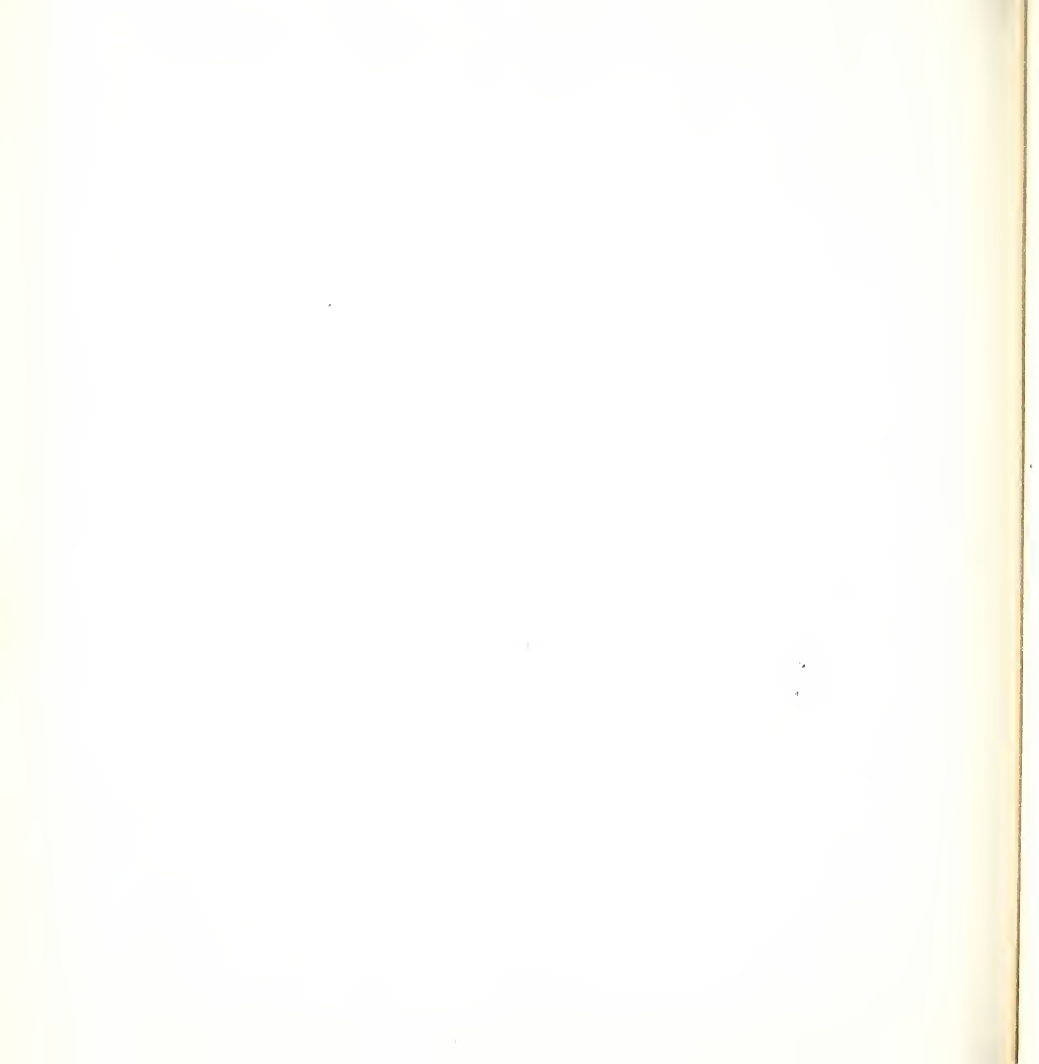
ROSTER 3d BATTERY WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY

NAME	DATE	REMARKS
Joseph Ostrander...	Oct. 1, '61	Disch. '61, disability; Ad. Plainfield, Wis.
John W. Ostrander...	Oct. 1, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Chicago, Ill.
Jeremiah Ozmun...	Sept. 5, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Stephen, Minn.
Heman B. Palmer...	Sept. 2, '61	Vet., died '63, disease.
Samuel Palmer...	Sept. 7, '61	Died of wnds. received at Chickamauga.
Sylvester Palmer...	Sept. 2, '61	Pris. Chickamauga; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Pleasant Prairie, Kan.
Daniel C. Perkins...	Sept. 4, '61	Disch. '63, disability, dead.
Albigece M. Pierce...	Sept. 1, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Joel Piper...	Sept. 4, '62	No record and no trace.
William Plackett...	Sept. 7, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Sand Point, Idaho.
John W. Pledge...	Aug. 27, '61	Disch. '62, disability; Ad. Princeton, Idaho.
Orlando E. Pattee...	Sept. 23, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Ypsilanti, Mich.
James Preston...	Sept. 24, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Eliphalet R. Quimby...	Sept. 22, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Chattanooga, Tenn.
Leonard F. Quimby...	Sept. 22, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Plainfield, Wis.
William W. Quimby...	Sept. 22, '61	Disch. '61, disability; Wis.
Daniel S. Randall...	Oct. 3, '61	Died Savannah, Tenn., disease '62.
James N. Rundell...	Nov. 11, '64	Vet. Recruit; M. O. July 3, '65; address Santa Barbara, Cal.
Joseph C. Redmore...	Dec. 29, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Hull Province, Quebec, Can.
Myron D. Reece...	Dec. 21, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Kansas City, Mo.
John J. Rhode...	Oct. 13, '61	Vet.; M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Madison, Wis.
Jeremiah Rode...	Sept. 1, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Daniel Robin...	Sept. 4, '61	Wnd. Stone River; Trans. to Miss. squadron; address Lena, Wis.
John Roberts...	Dec. 30, '62	No record or trace.
Thomas Rundle...	Sept. 25, '61	Vet.; wnd. Chickamauga and Menasaw Mt.; M. O. July 3, '65; address Loda, Ill.
Roswell Sanborn...	Sept. 14, '61	Disch. '63, disability; dead.
William Sanborn...	Sept. 21, '61	Disch., disability; no date; dead.
William M. Sawyer...	Sept. 6, '61	Disch., disability '62; dead.
Maurice Scanlin...	Sept. 12, '61	Wnd. Chickamauga; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Michael Scanlin...	Sept. 12, '61	Wnd. Peach Tree Creek, Ga.; M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; address Anott, Wis.
John W. Selby...	Sept. 28, '61	Disch. '62; disability; dead.
Andrew Sheffield...	Jan. 10, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Loren Shumway...	Feb. 27, '64	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Pittsville, Wis.
Charles Sickles...	Dec. 2, '63	Killed at Kenesaw Mt., Ga. '64.
Robert Silbaugh...	Dec. 2, '63	Claimed by 44th Ind. as deserter; dead.



ROSTER 3d BATTERY WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY

NAME	DATE	REMARKS
Henry M. Silsbee.....	Dec. 23, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; no trace.
Don C. Smith.....	Sept. 6, '61	Artificer, M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Denver, Colo.
Edgar Smith.....	Sept. 7, '61	Died disease Columbia, Tenn., '62.
Alphéus F. Spoor.....	Oct. 1, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Jennings, La.
Franklin G. Stanton	No record.	No trace.
Hassell D. Stevens ..	Sept. 7, '61	Died wnds. Crawfish Springs, Ga., '63.
Leonard Stickney ...	Oct. 1, '61	Disch. disability; Ad. Grand Haven, Mich.
Rasselas R. Stillwell	Nov. 16, '63	Wnd. disch. disability '65; Ad. Port Byron, N. Y.
Chauncey R. Stone	Oct. 1, '61	Disch. '62, disability; Ad. Waterloo, Wis.
Dana Strong.....	Nov. 10, '61	Disch. disability '62; dead.
Thomas Talmadge	Sept. 6, '61	Vet. M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
George Terwillager	Nov. 1, '61	Vet. M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Adams P. O., Wis.
Chauncey Tineman	Dec. 29, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Charles City, Iowa.
John E. Tracey	Sept. 12, '61	Disch. '61, disability; dead.
Peter Tronson	Sept. 6, '61	Vet. M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Ivey W. Tubbs.....	Dec. 23, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Erie, Pa.
Almond Turnce ..	Oct. 2, '61	Disch. disability, '63; dead.
Albert Turck	Nov. 25, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Oshkosh, Wis.
Adam W. Uline	Dec. 28, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Seneca S. VanNess	Jan. 10, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Gloversville, N. Y.
Abram VanAernam	Sept. 5, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Amboy, Minn.
William VanOrnam	Aug. 30, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; dead.
Richard VanSlyke ..	Aug. 29, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Lake Mills, Wis.
William VanTyne ..	Sept. 9, '61	Vet. M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Michigan.
John H. VanWie	Dec. 28, '63	Trans. to 6th Wis. Battery; M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Dubuque, Iowa.
Henry Washburn....	Sept. 25, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Hancock, Wis.
Joseph Waters	Oct. 2, '61	No record, discharged; Ad. Oasis, Wis.
Cyrus Weher	Sept. 7, '61	Vet. bugler, M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Sherburne, Minn.
Theodore West	Sept. 1, '62	Disch. disability, no date; dead.
Alfred S. Weymouth	Nov. 27, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. S. St. Paul, Minn.
Alvin H. Weymouth	Nov. 27, '63	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.
Henry A. Weymouth	Nov. 10, '61	Wnd. Chickamauga, M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term expired; Ad. Chrystal Lake, Minn.
Wellington White.....	Oct. 2, '61	M. O. Oct. 10, '64; term exp.; Ad. Lewellan, Neb.
Lewis D. Williams...	Sept. 2, '61	Vet. M. O. July 3, '65; Ad. Madera, Cali.
Louis T. Winget... }	Oct. 1, '61	Disch. disability, '62.
Alexander Wolcott...	Aug. 22, '62	Vet. recruit; disch. '63, disability; dead.
Ira Wyman	Aug. 24, '62	M. O. July 3, '95; dead.
	Sept. 2, '61	Disch., no date; dead.



ROSTER 3d BATTERY WISCONSIN LIGHT ARTILLERY

NAME	DATE	REMARKS
Franklin C. Young..	Aug 12, '62	Trans. to V. R. C.; M. O. June, '65; dead.
James C. Young.....	Aug. 29, '62	M. O. July 3, '65; dead.

Original strength, 170. Gain by recruits in 1863, 35; in 1864, 32. Re-enlistements, 33. Total, 270. Loss by death, 26; desertion, 3; transfer, 4. Discharged, 60. Mustered out, 177.



MONUMENTAL MATTER

The State of Wisconsin having appropriated \$20,000 for erecting monuments to its organizations that participated in the battles of Chickamauga and others in that section, a commission was appointed by the governor to attend to the business generally. We here append the report of Commissioner Dr. E. M. Kanouse, a member of our battery, and wounded at Chickamauga.

Report of State Commissioner representing the artillery service, from Wisconsin, for monuments in Chickamauga National Park:

Your representative was appointed one of the commissioners by Gov. W. H. Upham in March, 1895, and went with the state commission to the Chickamauga battlefield the 22nd-29th of same month and assisted in marking and fixing locations for the Wisconsin monuments. The position chosen for the 3rd battery is where on Sept. 19th '63 the battery was placed by the road side in a small open field, (just after the battery was placed in the cornfield near the Vinland house) and where the battery did good



execution by its enfilading fire into Longstreet's forces. There is also a marker placed on the ridge next to the timber line on the west edge of the Dyer field, where we lost five guns, thirty-five horses and fifty per cent of our men (26 out of 52) in killed, wounded and missing, on Sept. 20, '63. On April 21st, '95 we met in Milwaukee and made the selections of the nine monuments, and let contracts for their erection—at the time of the dedication of Chickamauga Park all but three were in position; later the chairman and secretary visited and approved them all. The state fixed its appropriation for this purpose at \$20,000; Infantry and Cavalry monuments to be \$1,700 each and Batteries to be \$1,200 each. Your state commission did its work gratis—and turned over about \$4,500 to the state, recommending its use in placing a monument on Missionary Ridge, commemorative of the deeds and valor of Wisconsin troops at Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and the Siege of Chattanooga.

CORPL. E. M. KANOUSE,
Commissioner.

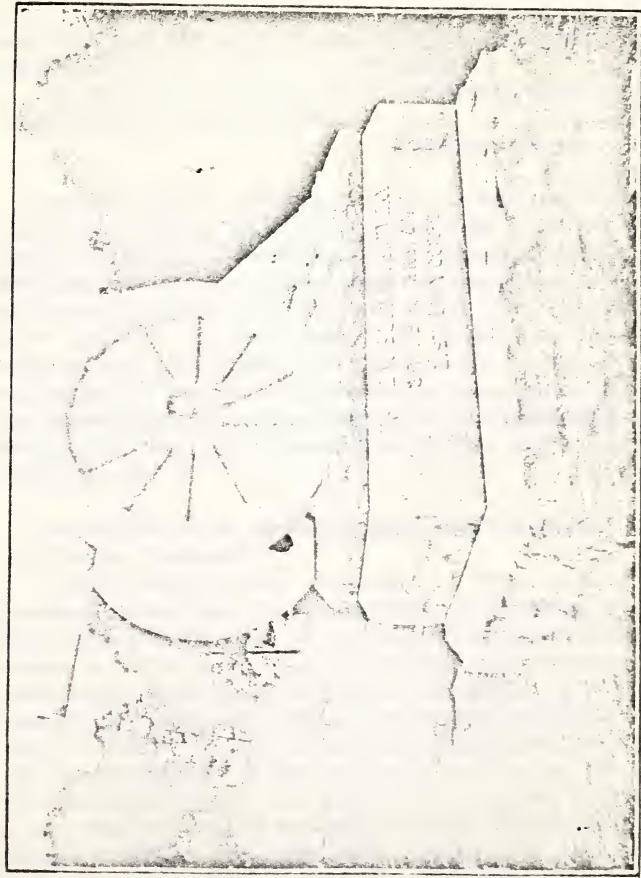
The dedicatory services of the Wisconsin monuments occurring Sept. 28, 1895 were attended by Maj. W. J. Colburn, Esau Beaumont, E. G. Eaton, R. R. Stilwell, A. Lounsbury, Thomas Rundle and Commissioner E. M. Kanouse, all members of our battery. The ceremonies proved very interesting and of an impressive character. We append Comrade Beaumont's notes on the occasion. The inscription on the tablet

on the monument, which is a huge and elegant marble cannon, is:

3d Wis. Battery,
 3d Brigade
 3d Division
 21st Army Corp
 Monument Showing the Position of Battery,
 Sept. 19th, p. m.
 at
 Battle Chickamauga, Sept. 19th and 20th, 1863.
 Casualties—26 men and 5 guns.

The services for the state of Wisconsin, were held at the foot of the monument to the 1st Reg. Wis. Inf. Our monument is placed near the Viniard house, or rather southeast and across the road from the house, on the extreme right of the fighting line on the Lafayette road—the right or south end of the battlefield where we did such good work on the 19th, or first day of the battle. If we had picked our position to enfilade the rebel line, we could not have done better. and from all I can learn we have full credit for doing our part at this point and doing it well. The position is correct; right where the battery stood, two ten-pound parrot guns flank the monument. They are not pointed in the direction of our fire, but more to the front; our fire was to the left oblique. The ground where our battery was captured is not so plain on account of the woods being cut off and the fields cleared.

The house you enquire about is the Dyer House



This Monument is placed on the position of the Battery on the 19th of September, 1863

and in his field the battery came to grief. Dyer himself is said to have acted as a rebel guide.

The position is marked with a tablet as are the other batteries captured here.

ESAU BEAUMONT.

Recently Maj. W. J. Colburn writes as follows: "I visited our Battery monument on the field where we fought the battle of Chickamauga, on Saturday Sept. 19th, 1863, about two or three weeks ago, and it seems as though I enjoyed that visit more than any I have ever made to the battlefield. The position of the batteries are so accurate and the guns are so placed "in battery," that even a citizen who has never had any knowledge of a battle can go upon the battlefield and get a very good knowledge of the battle of Chickamauga."

Inscription under picture of monument in Historical Rooms, Madison:

"This Battery, under command of First Lieut. Cortland Livingston, was engaged in the morning of Sept. 19th, 1863, in front of the Vinard House, until forced to retire, occupying and holding this position until night, successfully aiding in the repulse of the enemy's advance from Hall's ford to the Lafayette Road, north of Vinard House, by a fire on his flank. On the morning of the 20th, changed position to the hill north and west of the Dyer House. About 11:30 a. m., was involved in the disaster from the enemy's charge through the Dyer field, losing five guns, twenty-six men killed, wounded and missing. Capt.

L. H. Drury was wounded Sept. 13th, 1863, near Lee and Gordon's Mill."

(The above is a copy of the inscription appearing on bronze plate on the reverse of the monument erected on the Chickamauga battlefield.)

ESAU BEAUMONT.

To H. H. G. Bradt:-Replying to your valued favor of August 25th, regarding inscription on the marker in the Dyer Field. I have found that the only inscription on that marker is as follows:

"Third Wis. Battery, 11:30 a. m. Sept. 20, 1863."

This is simply an inscription to show the location of the Battery at that hour which was the hour of Longstreet's charge through the Dyer Field. There is no monument or marker on the Lafayette Road, south of Lee & Gordon's Mill, designating the position of our battery when Capt. Drury was wounded.

W. J. COLBURN.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE AND NEWSPAPER EXTRACTS.

Extract taken from the Wisconsin State Journal (daily) of Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1862:

DRURY'S BATTERY AGAIN.

A correspondent of the New York Times writing of the pursuit of the rebels by General Van Cleave and others, thus speaks of Drury's 3rd Wis. Battery:

"We were now, on the morning of the 15th, near Crab Orchard. We had now left the fertile blue grape regions of Kentucky, and had commenced the ascent of the rocky, sterile portions of the northeastern part of the state. Our march was commenced at an early hour. Heavy cannonading was heard to our left and it was supposed that the enemy were disputing the passage of McCook and Rosseau, across the upper Dix river. The eleventh brigade led the advance of the entire corps. We had proceeded but one mile when the enemy again opened fire on us. In addition to their artillery, their musket firing was very rapid and their bullets hissed and whizzed about our boys quite thickly. We were soon in line of battle.

Drury's Battery and Mueller's were soon in position, and the entire Eleventh brigade deployed by regiments as skirmishers. Lively work was now had. The enemy was delaying our approach to Crab Orchard. The musket firing and the artillery duelling were continued for some time. We killed three of the enemy and wounded several others.

The rebels now retired and we entered Crab Orchard at ten o'clock a. m. We found the town literally plundered of everything. The citizens gave us a most hearty welcome; furnished our troops with fresh water and something to eat. As we entered the town the enemy, who had taken a position upon the hill opposite, opened their battery with terrible energy; some of their shots were fired with admirable precision. One shell went just over our head and penetrated a house—exploding in the house,—scattering splinters in every direction. Our batteries were again advanced to position and our infantry thrown into the woods. The accurately aimed shots of Capt. Drury soon silenced the enemy's guns, sending their artillerists and supports scampering across a glade to our right in hurried confusion. The musket firing was more brisk than it had hitherto been, and our men were fearfully exposed to the enemy's fire. We finally drove them back. We lost one killed and two wounded. At Stanford we took twenty-one prisoners, some in hospital and some while engaged in action. General Buell was at Crab Orchard and complacently remarked that "Bragg's army is mine." The remainder of the day was a succession of skirmishes and artillery duels, we driving the enemy before

us. We killed sixteen of the enemy, and took twenty-three prisoners.

Extract from Wisconsin State Journal (daily) of Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1863:

WISCONSIN SOLDIERS PRISONERS IN RICHMOND.

Richmond Va., Sept. 30, 1863.

Editors State Journal:—The following is a list of the names of the 3rd Wis. Battery now prisoners in this place, captured on the 20th of this month: Sergt. G. Decker, Corpl. L. J. Uline, H. Hess, Paul Guyon, James Livingston, T. Boyle, Titus Chapin, T. Hawley, Sylvester Palmer, William McMahon, H. S. Howard. Sergt. Decker is slightly wounded; all are well. You will please publish this, so our friends will know of our situation.

Respectfully yours,

H. S. HOWARD.

Extract from Wisconsin State Journal (daily) of Saturday, Nov. 14th, 1863:

FROM THIRD BATTERY.

Headquarters 3rd Wis. Battery }
Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 4, 1863. }

Editors State Journal:—At an election held in this Battery yesterday, we polled sixty-two votes, all for the "Wisconsin Union Straight Ticket." We had only sixty-five men in camp, and three were minors. In your tri-weekly issue of Oct. 14th, I notice a report of the killed and wounded of the 3d Battery so full of errors that our friends would find it difficult to tell whether any of their relatives were injured or not. I annex a correct list. Died of wounds—Samuel B.

Palmer, Arza J. Noble, Hassel Stevens. Wounded—Sergt. John W. Fletcher, Corpl. Ira E. Smith, Corpl. Edward M. Kanouse, Sergt. Thomas S. Fessenden, Corpl. Hiram H. G. Bradt, Corpl. David S. Bedal, Peter Foreman, Leonard W. Lusted, Ole W. Martin, Thomas Rundell, Henry A. Weymouth, Maurice Scanlan, Charles W. Hubbard. Missing—Sergt. Gasheire Decker, Corpl. Leonard J. Uline, Thomas Boyle, James Livingston, Sylvester Palmer, Paul Guyon, Harlan S. Howard, William McMahon, Henry E. Hess, Titus B. Chapin, Thomas Hawley.

I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

HIRAM F. HUBBARD,
Inspector of Election.

The following glowing account of the contentment and efficiency of the artillerymen of the Badger Battery, is from an esteemed and reliable correspondent:

Badger Battery)
Camp Utley, Oct. 1st, 1861)

Dear Patriot:—At last we "Badgers" are soldiers in the "grand army," being sworn into the service at 4 o'clock this p. m. and a happier set of fellows you never saw than are our boys tonight.

The battery is fully organized and officered as follows:

Captain—Lu H. Drury.

1st Lieut.—Cortland Livingston; 2nd James T. Purdy; 3d Al LeBrun; 4th H. F. Hubbard.

Q. M. Sergt.—J. A. Chapell.

Sergt. Maj.—A. C. Woodworth.



Staff Sergeants—J. A. Chapell, A. C. Woodworth.
 Ist Sergeant—Alden Woodbury.

Sergeants—H. C. Carrier, W. J. Colburn, A. W. Galloway, E. C. Brewster, H. F. Billings, J. D. Galloway.

Corporals—Zeph D. Hollenbeck, W. A. Marshall, O. W. Davis, Gasherie Decker, Edward Downey, M. M. Safford, J. W. Waite, B. P. Billings, H. H. Worden, L. S. Walker, C. H. Clough, S. M. Chapin.

We crack considerable on our organization, and think we are the battery of the camp. Capt. Drury is the good fellow here he was at home, and he has the respect and regard of every man in the company. The lieutenants are all of the style we like, just the best of men, liked by all.

Four other batteries are on the ground: Washington, Capt. Hertzberg, 84 men; Beloit, Capt. Vallie, 112 men; Monroe, Capt. Pinney, 168 men, and Buena Vista, Capt. Dillion, 163 men.

An artillery camp is a pretty sight, covering so much ground, and presents at night, with all the tents lighted up, the appearance of quite an encampment of active soldiery.

We are looking for our horses and guns very soon, and hoping they will not be long away. We should be very happy to extend the hospitalities of our tents and mess house to our Madison friends and hope to see many of them while here. Yours to the brim,

JAMES A. CHAPPELL.

3rd Battery Wis. Artillery
 Camp Utley, Nov. 23d, '61

Dear Argus:—Now we are fairly at work. A few

days since we received two complete batteries, consisting of two six-pounder guns, two rifled six-pounders and two twelve-pounder howitzers, all bronze, with extra caissons, forges, battery wagons, wheels and harness, &c., for each battery and about two and a half thousand rounds of solid shot, spherical case cannister and six and twelve-pounder shells for target practice.

A selection of ground was made at a place on the prairie about four or five miles from the Camp, directly on the Racine and Mississippi R. R., a point where we could get a clear range long enough for our rifled guns for that practice, and another about a mile or so directly west of the Milwaukee and Chicago R. R. depot for howitzer and smooth bore cannon practice. At the first point an embankment was thrown up, something more than one hundred feet long, about twelve or fifteen feet high and nearly twenty feet thick. The target was about ten or twelve feet square, with a sixth inch bulls eye and placed directly before the embankment.

The ground selected for the howitzer practice was on a gully, giving us a natural embankment of forty or fifty feet high on three sides, but only about a mile or a mile and a half range; far enough, however, for that kind of practice, and the most sheltered from danger of any that could be found.

Thursday morning of last week, we, that is, batteries 1st, 2nd and 3rd, marched with four rifled six-pounders, to the first target ground, but when there, our officers dare not venture a trial, fearing danger of casualties by shooting beyond the target, and we

were marched to the second place, a distance of about four miles, where we spent the afternoon in practicing on the short range, only about eleven hundred yards; too short to give the rifled guns a fair trial. It was well done; out of eighteen shots fired, sixteen hit the target and three the bulls-eye. Some of them ricochetted, striking the ground two or three hundred yards short of the target, and then skipping along plumbd the target, and waked up the dust in the bank right merrily. It was splendid music to hear the whiz of the balls as they passed us. They are wicked things to shoot, I assure you. One of the balls that missed, struck a large stump in range, shivering it all to splinters. Another one struck the ground at the foot of the bluff, about ten yards short, and bounding buried itself in the top. The next day we tried the six-pounder guns, smooth bore, making some fair shots, I am told. But there is a very great superiority in the shooting of the rifled ones; more than I had supposed.

The next day, Saturday, the 3rd battery took the howitzers, practicing all day, shelling some miserable foe, I suppose. Their range was from five hundred to nine hundred yards. Some of the shots were short, some ricochetted, passing through the target; one, owing to a defect in the fuze, burst in the air at the distance of a couple of hundred yards from the gun, throwing the fragments of shell all about us, fortunately injuring no one. Most of them—in fact almost everyone—were effective shots, particularly well thrown for the first time. Many of the men never saw a shell. Since then we have added strength to the

embankment target on the prairie and we are now practicing there. I rode out there, Wednesday, to witness the skill of batteries 5th, 6th and 7th. They were throwing six-pounder shells at a distance of from eleven to fourteen hundred yards, and were doing well at that distance—the bulls eye is hardly perceptible. The aim, however, is not to hit that, but to explode the shell directly over the target, which was done quite a number of times.

For the last two or three days we have had no weather for practicing or drilling, and tonight we have winter in earnest. The storm is terrible and the cold winds from the lake on the one side and the prairie on the other, pierce us to the marrow. Fortunately for us, Quartermaster Douglas received four cases of overcoats today, and each company was the happy recipient of fifty, enough to do us some good. Our men suffer much for the want of mittens or gloves, or the money to buy them for themselves. It seems as though we should each be furnished with a good pair of leather gloves. Most certainly we must have something of the kind, and now is the time to do it.

We have rumors of marching orders, some say to Indianapolis, some to Annapolis, some to Lexington. All we ask is to give us preparation just as soon as possible and then, "use us." We want to show our friends that Wisconsin soldiers can handle the "great guns" as they can the smaller ones. More anon.

Yours, &c.,
JAMES A. CHAPPELL.

—
Camp Irvine, Louisville, Ky.
Jan. 27th, 1862.

Dear Patriot.—When I wrote you last I promised

my next from the C. S. A., and I spoke truly for here we are on the classical soil of "Old Kentuck." We bid the good people of Racine adieu at noon of Thursday last, bringing with us our batteries of six guns each with all our equipments complete, caissons, harness, battery wagons, forges, &c., &c., and about ten or twelve hundred rounds of ammunition, making a train of seven passenger cars and sixteen freight, giving us nearly a formidable appearance and attracting the utmost attention all along the route.

We left Chicago at 9 o'clock p. m., via the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago R. R., making up in the morning thirty or forty miles below Michigan City. We made no considerable stop until we arrived at La Fayette, Indiana, a town of 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, just beyond where the railway crosses the Wabash, where we halted for an hour for refreshments not the least of which was the transition from the hot, smoky atmosphere of the car to the clear, bright spring sun of one of the most pleasant of days. Don't let any of your readers question my meaning of the expression "spring sun" &c., I mean just what I say.

We left Camp Utley under sixteen inches of snow, but a few miles below Michigan City it was rarely seen and here at La Fayette all had vanished. I might have thought I was mistaken in it being so pleasant had I not have noticed that almost, without an exception, the ladies wore shakers, flats or sunbonnets, the surest indication, for you know they never mistake the season or the fashion. We were very kindly entertained here with hot coffee, &c., and our hearts

strengthened by the words of cheer each had for us.

At 9 at night we arrived at Bloomington, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, in the county of Monroe, Indiana. Here we were met with the heartiest greeting of any place we had yet passed. We were expected at eight o'clock, and preparations had been made to give us a reception that would forever endear us to the good people there. I was standing at the door of the first car, making all calculation to have a nice cup of coffee, sure, and as soon as we came up to the platform, sprang off to treat resolution, but I didn't go. Scarce had I opened the car door when my way was completely blocked with a crowd of ladies with baskets of every thing good, regular hoosier bread and biscuits, as they termed it, pies, cakes, &c., and men with pails of hot coffee, baskets of apples, and a thousand and one things, not one but what done us good. I retreated of course. Who wouldn't have done so. It was our first real active engagement. "We met the——and they were ours." Not content with filling our arms with those kind of rations, they took down our haversacks and filled them too, so that even now we have a visible reminder of our reception there. Didn't we cheer them for it, real Badger cheers, making the very hills about echo again with shouts, and weren't they real ones too, making all hearts glad. Longlife and prosperity to them. May it be their fortune just as long as they live in our remembrance 'twill be till they are rich in all this world affords.

Just as the sun arose we caught the first glimpse of the Ohio and the high hills of the Kentucky shore.

Then we felt that we were coming near that wish of so many days that we would soon tread that ground we have so long and so often longed for. Not till night, however, did we leave the depot and cross the river. We attracted quite considerable interest in Louisville, but the people had seen so many of Uncle Sam's blue uniforms within the past four months that more was nothing but what might be expected.

The Louisville Journal speaks in flattering terms of our appearance as being the best sized and the hardest soldiers that have been here. We were quartered in a large tobacco warehouse. Saturday night and Sunday morning marched to our present camp, about four miles from town and hallowed the day in pitching our tents and making ourselves comfortable as the situation of things would permit of. The weather was delightful, the air as balmy as spring, the sun as bright—the roads fairly dusty, but this morning, oh horrors, we awoke with an inch or two of snow on the ground, about ten o'clock in the morning it began raining and tonight we are in mud of all depths, real Kentucky mud.

I met our Harry Bingham and Dr. Dixon of the 1st. Their regiment is encamped on Green River about sixty-three miles from here. The 10th is near them. He gave a good account of the men, said their health was generally good, some cases of low fever among them.

We have here in camp Co. F. Ohio artillery, Capt. Corcoran, 135 men, 4 rifled 6-pounders and 2 12-pounder howitzers; Co. M. Ohio artillery, Capt. Shoals, 140 men, 4 rifled 6-pounders and 2 12-pounder howitzers;

The 8th Indiana, Capt. Cockrane, 140 men, 4 rifled and 2 smooth 6-pounders; 10th Indiana, Capt. Cox, 4 parrot 12-pounders and 2 12-pounder howitzers; 1st Wisconsin, Capt. Foster, 150 men, 2 rifled 6-pounders, 2 smooth 6-pounders and 2 12-pounder howitzers, and the Wisconsin 3rd, Capt. Drury, 158 men, 2 rifled 6-pounders, 2 smooth 6-pounders and 2 12-pounder howitzers.

In an adjoining camp is a company of regular artillery under command of Lieut. Parsons of the regular army; one of our own Madison boys—110 men and 4 steel rifled guns carrying a 12-pounder projectile, also some infantry encamped in the neighborhood.

We left Racine, bringing with us the best wishes of the people there. The depot grounds were crowded with our friends to see us off and to give us their "Do your duty men." We shall not forget their last words soon, and we hope they may never blush, when the names of the "1st and 3rd" are mentioned. We leave very many kind associations there and I wonder if some of our own Madison boys don't often think of pleasant hours they have passed off duty. Echo answer, wonder. But enough now—more soon.

Yours,

JAMES A. CHAPPELL.

Camp Irvine, Louisville, Ky. }
Feb. 17th, 1862. }

Dear Patriot:—We are all alive tonight with the wildest of excitement and joy at the reduction of Fort Donelson and the capture of the rebel Generals Buckner and Johnson with the forces under their command.

Heartily as you good people at home sympathize with the cause we all are laboring to support, earnestly as you may rejoice at our success, I wonder if you might see your sons here tonight, if you would not suspect our senses had taken a temporary departure, and let the "buffalo dance" passion reign supreme. It seems too good almost to credit. Beginning with the first forward movement of the Department of the Cumberland, the defeat of Zollicoffer, the reduction of Ft. Henry, the evacuation of Bowling Green, and now the last and thus far much the most brilliant event of the war, the reduction of Ft. Donelson and the capture of a garrison of men intrenched in one of the strongest inland forts of our country.

The Louisville Journal (Prentice) in speaking of its capture says: "It transcends in magnitude all the other conflicts of the war combined, startling as some of them have been," adding, "the battle and its results will be hailed as long as there shall be an American history, as an immortal evidence of the patriotic and even desperate valor of our countrymen. The account of the closing scene has not yet come, but it will be wildly and deeply thrilling when it comes. It will stir the blood of feeble age, of vigorous manhood, of beautiful womanhood, and of innocent childhood."

Fort Donelson is situated on the west bank of the Cumberland river, a few miles below the Tennessee line, nearly directly east and but a few miles distant from Ft. Henry, about a hundred miles in a southwest direction from Bowling Green, and hardly that distance, almost as direct southeast from the rebel

stronghold, Columbus. It must have been a fight as desperate as the records of modern warfare often show. It was one of the strongest fortified points they held, their works extending some five miles on the outside. Deep trenches were dug all along in front of high embankments, large forest trees, thousands of them, all entwined as they stood in the wood, were dragged to a short distance in the front of the ditch, making a barrier entirely impassable to cavalry and almost as much so to infantry. Inside of the embankments were the rifle pits, concealing thousands of riflemen. Adding to this forty-eight pieces of light artillery, seventeen heavy siege guns, some of them 128-pounders, all defended by 25,000 men fighting under the "blue flag" the murderous signal of "we give nor take quarter," and we can approximate to an idea of the labor and the glory of the victory. No wonder is it that we are rejoicing? Not us alone, though our camp is enveloped even now with a black dense cloud of powder smoke, our ears yet are almost deafened with the thunder of our salutes as we would fire first by battery, then by sections, then by guns, but all around us we hear the rapid booming of distant salutes, as our friends take up the cry and proclaim their rejoicings. And not for Donelson alone do we rejoice, but for the fact that secession here has received a blow that it never can rally from with more than a show of the courage of desperation. And this by western men! I almost wish tonight I was an Illinoisan, that I might boast of their 8th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 20th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 45th, 48th and 49th regiments. It reads nobly for the Sucker State, that

they took the brunt of the charges, and suffered most severely.

But of affairs with us. We are still at our first camp near Louisville, working hard, that we may soon have the fortune of doing our share of the work we are engaged in. We are delayed very much on account of having no horses to practice with. If we but had them, and properly trained, we think we might do some good at about the shortest possible notice. In our whole battery we have but about thirty battery horses, just enough for one section, (two guns) and some saddle horses. They are being purchased for us, and we are looking for the balance of them daily. * * * * * We have an addition of two or three companies, I think one each from Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, camping at Camp Gilbert, about half a mile from us in a neighboring field. The Wisconsin 1st and 3rd are all that are now left at Camp Irvine, we have intimations though that Camp Gilbert are ordered here. We hope so, for then we shall have company again.

We are encamped on the Kentucky State Fair grounds, about four miles from Louisville, directly on the Louisville, Frankfort & Lexington Railroad, and the Louisville, Shelbyville & Frankfort Pike.

In our immediate vicinity is the grave of Gen. Taylor, in a neat, plain vault, telling the visitor only the name of the illustrious sleeper, his age, &c., &c.: no long parade of his positions; his talents and his virtues. How much better so. As I stood with folded arms, gazing upon his sepulchre, I thought how much brighter appear the remembrances of his bril-

liant campaigns, how much purer the recollections of his virtues, how much dearer to our remembrances his life, than if his remains lay beneath the costliest slab of marble ever brought from Southern Europe. But a short distance from it is the birthplace of Major Robert Anderson, the hero of Sumpter, a beautiful brick mansion, one of the prettiest places it has been my fortune to see in a long time.

I paid a visit a few days since to DuPont's celebrated artesian well, and was much interested in it. It is two thousand and eighty-six feet deep, and throws up a column of water to the height of one hundred and seventy feet above the surface, discharging three hundred and thirty thousand gallons of water every twenty-four hours. It is situated in the yard of a large paper mill, and was sunk for the purpose of obtaining a supply of clear water for the manufacturing purposes of the mill. As far as that is concerned it is a failure, for the water is very strongly mineral. It is said to approximate nearer to the waters of the Blue Lick spring of this state than to any other in the United States. It does not taste to me very much unlike the waters of the Rochfield and the Sharon Spa, New York. Their peculiarities are sulphates. It differs from the Congress, at Saratoga, in having none of that peculiar taste or sensation imparted by carbonic gas, and having a much stronger sulphuric taste. It is claimed to possess many medicinal qualities and an effort is even being made to turn it to some account in that respect, and no doubt it will be successful.

Yours,

JAMES A. CHAPPELL.

ADDENDUM.

Of interest to the comrades is the following contributed by Comrade E. M. Kanouse:

Number of miles by tramp, tramp, tramp, from last of March, 1862, to Jan. 2, 1863, was 1,390—scouting raids not counted, this covers from Nashville to Savannah, Corinth, Columbia, Waynesboro, Pittsburg Landing, Tuscumbia, Inka, Florence, Huntsville, Athens, Stevenson, Bridgeport, Battle Creek, Jasper, Dechard, Tullahoma, Murfreesboro, La Vergne, Nashville; again, Bowling Green, Cave City, Munfordsville, Elizabeth Town, West Point and Louisville, in four different states. Turning south at Louisville we passed through Perryville, Crab Orchard, Mt. Vernon, Bardstown, Danville, Scottsville, Somerset, Gallatin and Nashville, then to La Vergne and Murfreesboro, thence to Woodbury, Minnville, Jasper, Ringold, passing Chattanooga and Rossville to Chickamauga and to Chattanooga. Indirectness and individual marches by details on steamers, scouting and Atlantic campaign, with the march from Chattanooga to Murfreesboro and back in 1864. The first move made from Racine to Louisville and return to Madison would, if computed, we think, foot up in all to as many miles covered by any company in the service.

It has been stated that fifty-two men went into action on the guns on the 20th of Sept.; of these of the 26 lost were eight non-commissioned officers out of nine present.

It is interesting to note that the survivors of the battery, almost entirely occupy respectable positions in society, the largest per cent are farmers, then manufacturers, merchants, judges, doctors, lawyers, mechanics, legislators, mayors, postmasters, town officers and business men complete the list.

An association of survivors was organized in 1896, and reunions are held from time to time.

Present officers of association are: J. W. Ostrander, Chicago, Ill., Pres.; 1st V. Pres., Ira E. Smith, Dartford, Wis.; 2d V. Pres., H. T. Hunt, Hortonville, Wis.; 3rd V. Pres., W. H. Williams, Meadow Vailey, Wis.; Cyrus Weber, 4th V. Pres., Shesburne, Minn.; H. H. G. Bradt, Sec'y, Treas. and Historian.

The 1st Tuesday in Sept., 1902, a reunion will be held at Dartford, Wis.

ERRATA.

Page 20, line 13—"or" instead of "on."

Page 23, line 3—"To which we," not "all."

Page 24, near bottom—"commodious" instead of "Commodore."

Page 38—"Daniel" instead of "David" Robin.

Page 30, line 14—Penn. Bat., which is right on page 18, is now called 7th Penn. Bat.

Page 56, 6th line from bottom—"Kenesaw" instead of "Hanesaw."

Page 57, line 14—"1861" instead of "1869."

Page 57, line 24—"considerably" instead of "principally."

Page 57, line —25—"Lunette" instead of "Lunate."

Pages 9 and 63—"J. W. Hellman" instead of "J. W. Hindman."

Page 69, line 11—"contrary" instead of "contro-versy."

ROSTER CHANGES.

Dead—Zeph D. Hollenbeck, Wellington White.

Present Residence—Geo. A. Borst, Faribault, Minn.
Wm. W. Quimby, Craig, Mo.

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